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THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME VIII.

BEING THE

SECOND of his LETTERS.

LONDON,
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LETTERS

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, Eſq.

The Hon. ROBERT DIGBY,

Dr. ATTERBURY,

Biſhop of ROCHESTER,

Mr. GAY, and Others.

ber of Books has carried me to Oxford: but, I fear, thro' my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clarke's means, I ſhall be more converſant with the pleaſures and company of the place, than with the books and manuſcripts of it.

I find ſtill more reaſon to complain of the negligence of the Geographers in their Maps of old Greece, ſince I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have ſome cauſe to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few ſituations. I have been forced to write to him in ſo high a ſtyle, that were my epiſtle intercepted, it would raiſe no ſmall admiration in an ordinary man. There is ſcarce an order in it of leſs importance, than to remove ſuch and ſuch mountains, alter the courſe of ſuch and ſuch rivers, place a large city on ſuch a coaſt, and raze another in another country. I have ſet bounds to the ſea, and ſaid to the land, Thus far ſhalt thou advance, and no further [c]. In the mean time, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of loſing my horſe, and ſtand in ſome fear of a country juſtice [d]. To diſarm me indeed may be but prudential, con-

[c] This relates to the Map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author in his obſervations on the ſecond Iliad. P.

[d] Some of the Laws were, at this time, put in force againſt the Papiſts.

ſidering

ſidering what Armies I have at preſent on foot, and in my ſervice; a hundred thouſand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thouſand Prieſts; and they ſeem proper forces to ſend againſt thoſe in Barcelona. That ſiege deſerves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juſter in it, as, they ſay, the inhabitants expect Angels from heaven to their aſſiſtance. May I venture to ſay who am a Papiſt, and ſay to you who are a Papiſt, that nothing is more aſtoniſhing to me, than that people ſo greatly warm'd with a ſenſe of Liberty, ſhould be capable of harbouring ſuch weak ſuperſtition, and that ſo much bravery and ſo much folly can inhabit the ſame breaſts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, mov'd by the common curioſity of mankind, who leave their own buſineſs to be looking upon other mens. I thank God, that, as for myſelf, I am below all the accidents of ſtate-changes by my circumſtances, and above them by my philoſophy. Common charity of man to man, and univerſal good-will to all, are the points I have moſt at heart; and I am ſure, thoſe are not to be broken for the ſake of any governors, or government. I am willing to hope the beſt, and what I more wiſh

than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the diviſions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at leaſt hurt each other as little as I would either: and that our own people may live as quietly as we ſhall certainly let theirs; that is to ſay, that want of power itſelf in us may not be a ſurer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am ſure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the ſpirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that ſpirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with ſo wicked a ſpirit as that of Perſecution.

I agree with you in my ſentiments of the ſtate of our nation ſince this change: I find myſelf juſt in the ſame ſituation of mind you deſcribe as your own, heartily wiſhing the good, that is, the quiet of my Country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy diviſions of mankind by party-ſpirit, which at beſt is but the madneſs of many for the gain of a few.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER II.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

IT is with a great deal of pleaſure I ſee your letter, dear Sir, written in a ſtyle that ſhews you full of health, and in the midſt of diverſions: I think thoſe two things neceſſary to a man who has ſuch undertakings in hand as Yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking ſo much pains about the ſituation of his Hero's kingdoms; it will not only be of great uſe with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek hiſtorians; who generally are ill underſtood thro' the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to ſet us right; and 'tis an advantage every body will gladly ſee you engroſs the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and eaſy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be ſhort and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from ſuch authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wiſh alive again to converſe with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to pleaſe without their leave; and Zealots will ſhrug up their ſhoulders at a man, that pre-

tends to get to Heaven out of their form, dreſs, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unſaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a Barceloniad (if I may venture to coin ſuch a word:) I fancy you would find a juſter parallel than it ſeems at firſt ſight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wiſe reſult of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about reſtoring Helen, Priam ſagely determines that they ſhall go to ſupper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their ſuperſtition in ſacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum Relligio potuit, &c.

I have a good opinion of my politics, ſince they agree with a man who always thinks ſo juſtly as you. I wiſh it were in our power to perſuade all the nation into as calm and ſteddy a diſpoſition of mind.

We have receiv'd the late melancholy news, with the uſual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loſs of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoicing for an illuſtrious King. My

views carry me no farther, than to wiſh the peace and welfare of my Country; and my morals and politics teach me to leave all that to be adjuſted by our repreſentatives above, and to divine providence. It is much at one to you and me, who ſit at the helm, provided they will permit us to ſail quietly in the great ſhip. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortify'd in us poor papiſts; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in ourſelves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my Ambitions, that of being a ſincere friend is one of the chief: yet I will confeſs that I have a ſecret pleaſure to have ſome of my deſcendants know, that their Anceſtor was great with Mr. Pope.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you ſhould do with my letters juſt as you pleaſed, and anſwer them at your leiſure; and that is as ſoon as I ſhall think you ought. I have ſo true a taſte of the ſubſtantial

part

part of your friendſhip, that I wave all ceremonials; and am ſure to make you as many viſits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you pleaſe, aſſuring you they ſhall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turn'd to preſerve peace and quiet, among us. What a diſmal ſcene has there been opened in the North? what ruin have thoſe unfortunate raſh gentlemen drawn upon themſelves and their miſerable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in diſtreſs. I don't remember you and I ever uſed to trouble ourſelves about politics, but when any matter happened to fall into our diſcourſe, we us'd to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the diſturbing the peace and quiet of our Country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatſoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been loſt in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends

friends welcome. You ſhall here worſhip the Echo at your eaſe; indeed we are forced to do ſo, becauſe we can't hear the firſt report, and therefore are obliged to liſten to the ſecond; which, for ſecurity ſake, I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many years ſince I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus: I long'd to imitate him a little, and have contriv'd hitherto, to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to ſome in both: I find myſelf very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am perſuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquiſites of wild ambition. I with pleaſure join with you in wiſhing, nay I am not aſhamed to ſay, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately then ſhall I do ſo for you, ſince I am in a moſt particular manner, and with all ſincerity, Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

I Know of nothing that will be ſo intereſting to you at preſent, as ſome circumſtances of the laſt act of that eminent comic poet, and

our friend, Wycherly. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as ſoon as his life was deſpair'd of: Accordingly a few days before his death he underwent the ceremony; and join'd together thoſe two ſacraments which, wiſe men ſay, ſhould be the laſt we receive; for, if you obſerve, Matrimony is placed after Extreme unction in our Catechiſm, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, ſatisfy'd in the conſcience of having by this one act paid his juſt debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and ſhewn an heroic reſentment of the ill uſage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, diſcharged thoſe debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort himſelf as well as he could, with the miſerable remains of a mortgaged eſtate. I ſaw our friend twice after this was done, leſs peeviſh in his ſickneſs than he uſed to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much aſhamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedſide, and earneſtly entreated her not to deny him one requeſt, the laſt he ſhould make. Upon her aſſurances of conſenting to it,

it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that "you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that ſickneſs, which often deſtroys both wit and wiſdom, yet ſeldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour: Mr. Wycherly ſhew'd his, even in this laſt compliment; tho' I think his requeſt a little hard, for why ſhould he bar her from doubling her Jointure on the ſame eaſy terms?

So trivial as theſe circumſtances are, I ſhould not be diſpleas'd myſelf to know ſuch trifles, when they concern or characteriſe any eminent perſon. The wiſeſt and wittieſt of men are ſeldom wiſer or wittier than others in theſe ſober moments: At leaſt, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in: and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be apply'd to him as a play-wright,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab inceptu proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I Am juſt return'd from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and paſs'd a week in the foreſt. I need not tell you how much

much a man of his turn entertain'd me; but I muſt acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to him, which make it impoſſible to part from him without that uneaſineſs which generally ſucceeds all our pleaſures. I have been juſt taking a ſolitary walk by moon-ſhine, full of reflections on the tranſitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a looſe in the contemplation of thoſe ſatisfactions which probably we may hereafter taſte in the company of ſeparate ſpirits, when we ſhall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vaſt a diſtance as we now do on thoſe worlds. The pleaſures we are to enjoy in that converſation muſt undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the diſcoveries each ſhall communicate to another, of God and of Nature: for the happineſs of minds can ſurely be nothing but knowledge.

The higheſt gratification we receive here from company is Mirth, which at the beſt is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breaſt for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the beſt, is but a leſs ſhameful art of loſing time. What we here call ſcience and ſtudy, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourſelves are mere groping

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in the dark, and even the ſearch of our moſt important concerns in a future being, is but a needleſs, anxious, and uncertain haſte to be knowing, ſooner than we can, what without all this ſolicitude we ſhall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the caſe of futurity. 'Tis not our buſineſs to be gueſſing what the ſtate of ſouls ſhall be, but to be doing what may make our own ſtate happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high ſcience, Divinity, you will be ſo civil as to imagine I lay no mighty ſtreſs upon the reſt. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other uſe, than horſes of the bells that gingle about their ears (tho' now and then they toſs their heads as if they were proud of them) only to jog on, a little more merrily.

Your obſervations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendſhip, confirm me in what I was ſo fortunate as at my firſt knowledge of you to hope, and ſince ſo amply to experience. Let me take ſo much decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for opinions like theſe which I diſcover'd in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has ſucceeded ſo much to mine, and, I believe, not leſs to your ſatisfaction: for, if I know you right, your pleaſure is greater

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in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have ſenſe enough to conſider the beautiful order of nature in her variations; makes me think you have not conſtrued Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verſe which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota fides*, as I take it, does no way ſignify the Roman Catholic Religion, tho' Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted mind, That it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worſhipping him, which divided the whole world [a]. I am pretty ſure you and I ſhould no more make good Inquiſitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been quali-

[a] This was an opinion taken up by the old Philoſophers, as the laſt ſupport of Paganiſm againſt Chriſtianity: And the Miſſionaries, to both the Indies, tell us, it is the firſt anſwer modern barbarians give to the offer made them of the Goſpel. But Chriſtians might ſee that the notion is not only *improbable*, but impoſſible to be true, if the redemption of mankind was purchaſed by the death of Jeſus, which is the goſpel idea of his Religion. Nor is there any need of this opinion to diſcredit perſecution. For the iniquity of that practice does not ariſe from reſtraining what God permits or delights in, but from uſurping a juriſdiction over conſcience, which belongs only to his tribunal.

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fied for Lictors to Procruſtes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly ſaid; that I as little fear God will damn a man who has Charity, as I hope that any Prieſt can ſave him without it.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

March 20, 1715-16.

I Find that a real concern is not only a hindrance to ſpeaking, but to writing too: the more time we give ourſelves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappineſs, the more unable we grow to expreſs the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter, at ſuch a ſeaſon as this, as to retard a melancholy viſit to a perſon one cannot relieve. One is aſhamed in that circumſtance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, inſignificant affectations of ſorrow on the one hand, or unſeaſonable and forced gaieties on the other. 'Tis a kind of profanation of things ſacred, to treat ſo ſolemn a matter as a generous voluntary ſuffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as your's has no need of being ſpirited up into honour, or like

a weak woman, praiſed into an opinion of its own virtue. 'Tis enough to do and ſuffer what we ought; and men ſhould know, that the noble power of ſuffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly, as an unblemiſh'd conſcience and inflexible reſolution are above an accidental flow of ſpirits, or a ſudden tide of blood. If the whole religious buſineſs of mankind be included in reſignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow creatures, there are now ſome people who give us as good an opportunity of practiſing the one, as themſelves have given an inſtance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppreſs'd, that he knows himſelf to be ſuperior to thoſe who injure him: for the greateſt power on earth can no ſooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himſelf greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to ſeek for alleviating conſolations in a calamity of ſo much glory, one might ſay, that to be ruin'd thus in the groſs, with a whole people, is but like periſhing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, the moſt heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppreſs'd as we are) to ſuccour ſuch as are yet more oppreſs'd. If there

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are too many who cannot be aſſiſted but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counſel, by our countenance, and even by our chearfulneſs. The misfortunes of private families, the miſunderſtandings of people whom diſtreſſes make ſuſpicious, the coldneſſes of relations whom change of religion may diſunite, or the neceſſities of half-ruined eſtates render unkind to each other; theſe at leaſt may be ſoftened in ſome degree, by a general well-managed humanity among ourſelves; if all thoſe who have your principles of belief, had alſo your ſenſe and conduct. But indeed moſt of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want ſenſe, are only religious through weakneſs, and good-natur'd thro' ſhame. Theſe are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in eſſentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any diſtreſſed, conſcientious French refugee at this inſtant: what muſt my concern then be, when I perceive ſo many anxieties now tearing thoſe hearts, which I have deſired a place in, and clouds of melancholy riſing on thoſe faces, which I have long look'd upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what ſome apprehend, and what others

are yet too ſtupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for ſo many additional inconveniencies and chagrins, more than their ſmall remain of life ſeemed deſtined to undergo; and with the young, for ſo many of thoſe gaieties and pleaſures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of thoſe I love beſt, and among them the widow and fatherleſs, late of---.As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer ſenſe of others misfortunes, or a more generous reſignation as to what might be their own, ſo I earneſtly wiſh that whatever part they muſt bear, may be render'd as ſupportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good, or generous: I find by a letter of your lady's (which I have ſeen) that their eaſe and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there's ſome fatality in it, that you ſhould always, from time to time, be doing thoſe particular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from Windſor-Foreſt, of which I come to take my laſt look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as thoſe who go to be hang'd do their fellow-priſoners, who are condemn'd to follow them a few weeks after.

ter. I parted from honeſt Mr. D* with tenderneſs; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miſeries to come, from which he is juſt going to be remov'd himſelf.

Perhaps, now I have learnt ſo far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next leſſon may be

Nos Patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all elſe be as Heaven pleaſes! I have provided juſt enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I ſhall never be aſhamed of each other. I know I wiſh my Country well, and if it undoes me, it ſhall not make me wiſh it otherwiſe.

LETTER VII.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

March 24, 1715-16.

YOUR letters give me a gleam of ſatisfaction, in the midſt of a very dark and cloudy ſituation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes muſt either be left, or

be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically ſpeaking, I ſhould lament the loſs Windſor-foreſt and you ſuſtain of each other, but that, methinks, one can't ſay you are parted, becauſe you will live by and in one another, while verſe is verſe. This conſideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, ſince you have the pleaſure of the proſpect whenever you take it from your ſhelf, and at the ſame time the ſolid caſh you ſold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in thoſe days, and which will make every place eaſy to you. I for my part am not ſo happy; my *parva rura* are faſten'd to me, ſo that I can't exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of ſubſiſtance; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* ſupportable to me: 'tis what I am reſolved on, with my *Penate*. If therefore you aſk me, to whom you ſhall complain? I will exhort you to leave lazineſs and the elms of St. James's Park, and chooſe to join the other two propoſals in one, ſafety and friendſhip (the leaſt of which is a good motive for moſt things, as the other is for almoſt every thing) and go with me where War will not reach us, nor paultry Conſtables ſummon us to veſtries.

The future epiſtle you flatter me with, will find me ſtill here, and I think I may be here a month

a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reaſons to make me regret my home will be, that I ſhall not have the pleaſure of ſaying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requieſcere noctem,

which would have render'd this place more agreeable, than ever it elſe could be to me; for I proteſt, it is with the utmoſt ſincerity that I aſſure you, I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

June 22, 1717.

IF a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuſe in behalf of a negligent correſpondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot ſay whether 'tis a felicity or unhappineſs, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when without that employment, my thoughts muſt turn upon what is leſs agreeable, the violence, madneſs, and reſentment of modern War-makers [c], which are likely to prove (to ſome

[c] This was written in the year of the affair of Preſton. P.

people at leaſt) more fatal, than the ſame qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate country-men.

Tho' the change of my ſcene of life, from Windſor-foreſt to the ſide of the Thames, be one of the grand Æra's of my days, and may be called a notable period in ſo inconſiderable a hiſtory; yet you can ſcarce imagine any hero paſſing from one ſtage of life to another, with ſo much tranquillity, ſo eaſy a tranſition, and ſo laudable a behaviour. I am become ſo truly a citizen of the world (according to Plato's expreſſion) that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amuſements paſt are not more like a dream to me, than thoſe which are preſent: I lie in a refreſhing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at leaſt from obſcurity, that the darkneſs helps me to ſleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as ſeparate ſpirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careleſs of ours, but in general conſtantly wiſhing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world is to grow philoſophical, or religious (which ſoever of thoſe turns we chance to take) and indeed the world

world is ſuch a thing, as one that thinks pretty much, muſt either laugh at, or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they ſay we are ill-natur'd. So the moſt politic way is to ſeem always better pleas'd than one can be, great admirers, greater lovers, and in ſhort greater fools, than we really are: ſo ſhall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our maſters, and happy with our miſtreſſes. I have filled my paper, and ſo adieu.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I Think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the bleſſed conſcience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you'll be better pleaſed to find I conſider you in this light, than if I compared you to thoſe Greeks and Romans, whoſe conſtancy in ſuffering pain, and whoſe reſolution in purſuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boaſt of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your

virtue made you undergo on this ſide the water. I beg, if your health be reſtored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of ſervice and good advice to the poor papiſts, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to thoſe folks that were to be drowned at laſt. At the worſt I heartily wiſh your Ark may find an Arrarat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land ſafely after the deluge, upon the ſhore of Totneſs.

If I durſt mix prophane with ſacred hiſtory, I would chear you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coaſt the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the tranſlation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an hiſtorian; and told me he was perfectly aſtoniſhed, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his Giants, while we believe thoſe of our Saints. I am forced to make a fair compoſition with him; and, by crediting ſome of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him ſo far already, that he ſpeaks reſpectfully of St. Chriſtopher's carrying Chriſt,

and

and the reſuſcitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aſide Homer for a week, and, when I take him up again, I ſhall be very well prepared to tranſlate, with belief and reverence, the ſpeech of Achilles's Horſe.

You'll excuſe all this trifling, or any thing elſe which prevents a ſheet full of compliment: and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is falſe) than that I have a conſtant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoycing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Chriſtian intereſt, tho' your Couſin of Oxford (with whom I dined yeſterday) ſays, there is no other difference in the Chriſtians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Chriſtians, than whether the Emperor ſhall firſt declare war againſt Spain, or Spain declare it againſt the Emperor.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE queſtion you propoſed to me is what at preſent I am the moſt unfit man in the world to anſwer, by my loſs of one of the beſt of Fathers.

He had lived in ſuch a courſe of Temperance as was enough to make the longeſt life agreeable to him, and in ſuch a courſe of Piety as ſufficed to make the moſt ſudden death ſo alſo. Sudden indeed it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me ſuch a one, provided I can lead ſuch a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua eſt ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the tickliſh management of ſo narrow a fortune, that any one falſe ſtep would be fatal. My mother is in that diſpirited ſtate of reſignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loſs of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of ſuch an humane turn as yourſelf, to make almoſt any thing deſireable to us. I feel your abſence more than ever, at the ſame time I can leſs expreſs my regards to you than ever; and ſhall make this, which is the moſt ſincere let-

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ter I ever writ to you, the ſhorteſt and fainteſt perhaps of any you have received. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any perſon when one's mind is taken up with a ſenſible ſorrow, is a great degree of friendſhip. I can ſay no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wiſh it may be very long before any of yours ſhall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

Rentcomb in Glouceſterſhire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever ſince your departure. I am well pleaſed to date this from a place ſo well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her anceſtors, whoſe faces are all upon me. I fear none ſo much as Sir Chriſtopher Guiſe, who, being in his ſhirt, ſeems as ready to combate me, as her own Sir John was to demoliſh Duke Lancaſtere. I dare ſay your lady will recollect his figure. I look'd upon the manſion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and ſlopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and riſing woods; with a veneration

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mix'd with a pleaſure, that repreſented her to me in thoſe puerile amuſements, which engaged her ſo many years ago in this place. I fancied I ſaw her ſober over a ſampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare ſay ſhe did one thing more, even in thoſe early times; "remember'd her Creator in the days of her "youth."

You deſcribe ſo well your hermitical ſtate of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine ſpring, or any of the accommodations that befit a ſolitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of thoſe venerable and holy perſonages took with them a lady, and begat ſons and daughters. You muſt modeſtly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I ſhould rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If Piety be ſo romantic, I ſhall turn hermit in good earneſt; for, I ſee, one may go ſo far as to be poetical, and hope to ſave one's ſoul at the ſame time. I really wiſh myſelf ſomething more, that is, a prophet; for I wiſh I were, as Habbakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and viſit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in ſaying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to diſcharge the part of a friend; I aſſure you, I like them all ſo well, that I will never

quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and conſequently them mine. I ſtill ſee them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green-gowns, but the inſtructions they gave me how to ſlide down and trip up the ſteepeſt ſlopes of my mount.

Pray think of me ſometimes, as I ſhall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the firſt concerns of life, at your reſuſcitation, ſhould have been ſooner anſwer'd and acknowledged. I ſincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illneſs which gave me leſs pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I ſhould have elſe been ſeriouſly and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's publiſhed by P. Coſte, giving an account of the laſt words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! "the

" the pain I feel will ſoon be over; but I " grieve for that you are to feel, which is to " laſt you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man ſomewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune ſaid one day to me. " Alas, I have " nothing to do but to die; I am a poor indivi- " dual; no creature to wiſh, or to fear, for " my life or death: 'Tis the only reaſon I have " to repent being a ſingle man; now I grow " old, I am like a tree without a prop, and " without young trees to grow round me, for " company and defence."

I hope the gout will ſoon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards except the gout. Pray come, and never ſtir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, caſt them to dirty people, ſuch as in the ſcripture-phraſe poſſeſs the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton,

The tawny lyon, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he ſprings as broke from bond
And rampant ſhakes his brinded main: the ounc

The lizard, and the tiger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!

But, I believe, Milton never thought theſe fine verſes of his ſhould be apply'd to a man ſelling a parcel of dirty acres; tho' in the main, I think it may have ſome reſemblance. For, God knows! this little ſpace of ground nouriſhes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did thoſe creatures, till we can ſhake it looſe, at leaſt in our affections and deſires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you: let Mrs. Blount know that ſhe is in the liſt of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brighteſt, waſtes faſteſt. I am (as you will ſee from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayeſt nor eaſieſt humour, but always with ſincerity, Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the juſtice to think no man is more your ſincere well-wiſher than myſelf, or more the ſincere well-wiſher of

your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another ſo well; and for enjoying the ſweets of that life, which can only be taſted by people of good-will.

They from all ſhades the darkneſs can exclude,
And from a deſart baniſh ſolitude.

Torbay is a paradiſe, and a ſtorm is but an amuſement to ſuch people. If you drink Tea upon a promontory that over-hangs the ſea, it is preferable to an Aſſembly: and the whiſtling of the wind better muſic to contented and loving minds, than the Opera to the ſpleenful, ambitious, diſeas'd, diſtaſted, and diſtracted ſouls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they, who are baniſh'd from us! but happier they, who can baniſh themſelves; or more properly baniſh the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very ſublime, and to include more than a hundred ſentences that might be writ to expreſs diſtraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual buſineſs of having no buſineſs to do. You'll wonder I reckon tranſlating the Odyſſey as nothing. But whenever I think ſeriouſly (and of late I have met with ſo many occaſions

of

of thinking ſeriouſly, that I begin never to think otherwiſe) I cannot but think theſe things very idle; as idle as if a beaſt of burden ſhould go on gingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever ſerving his maſter.

Life's vain Amuſements, amidſt which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or underſtood, by the grim God of
Hell!

ſaid a heathen poet; as he is tranſlated by a chriſtian Biſhop, who has, firſt by his exhortations, and ſince by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reaſonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as ſoon as I ſhould hear you were got home. You muſt look on this as the firſt day I've been myſelf, and paſs over the mad interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a correſpondent I ſhall hence-forward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows, I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wiſhes of ſuch an one will ever attend you.

LETTER XIV.

Twick'nam, June 2, 1725.

YOU ſhew yourſelf a juſt man and a friend in thoſe gueſſes and ſuppoſitions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my ſilence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you, or yours, I aſſure you, the promiſcuous converſations of the town ſerve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undiſturb'd, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with ſuch as you. Let no acceſs of any diſtruſt make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the moſt ſunſhiny weather. Let the young ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my gardens without wiſhing to ſee the print of their fairy ſteps in every part of them. I have put the laſt hand to my works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous way and grotto: I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which falls in a perpetual riil, that echoes thro' the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you ſee thro' my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open Temple, wholly compos'd of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance under the temple you look down thro' a ſloping arcade of trees,

and

and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as thro' a perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *Camera obſcura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their viſible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different ſcene; it is finiſhed with ſhells interſperſed with pieces of looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the cieling is a ſtar of the ſame material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, a thouſand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower paſſage two porches, one towards the river of ſmooth ſtones full of light, and open; the other toward the Garden ſhadow'd with trees, rough with ſhells, flints, and iron-ore. The bottom is paved with ſimple pebble, as is alſo the adjoining walk up the wilderneſs to the temple, in the natural taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good ſtatue with an inſcription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am ſo fond of,

Hujus Nymphæ loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ ſentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora, ſomnum
Rumpere; ſi bibas, ſive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep;
Ah ſpare my ſlumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this deſcription, but it is pretty near the truth[a]. I wiſh you were here to bear teſtimony how little it owes to Art, either the place itſelf, or the image I give of it. I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I Should be aſham'd to own the receipt of a very kind of letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not

[a] He had greatly inlarged and improved this Grotto not long before his death: and, by intruſting it about with a vaſt number of ores and minerals of the richeſt and rareſt kinds, had made it one of the moſt elegant and romantic retirements that was any where to be ſeen. He has made it the ſubject of a very pretty poem of a ſingular caſt and compoſition.

more

more aſhamed to tell a lye, or to make an excuſe, which is worſe than a lye (for being built upon ſome probable circumſtance, it makes uſe of a degree of truth to falſify with, and is a lye guarded.) Your letter has been in my pocket in conſtant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the ſuit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by ſo doing that I have not enough conſidered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendſhip, as they ſay of good writing, will bear reviewing a thouſand times, and ſtill diſcover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a ſhort one, but a violent: I am now well; ſo it ſhall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The ſummer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradiſaical ſcene among groves and gardens; but at this ſeaſon, we are, like our poor firſt parents, turn'd out of that agreeable though ſolitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houſes, and live together in cities.

I hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtor'd, and riſen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, ſmiling at ſtorms, laugh-

ing at greatneſs, merry over a chriſtmas-fire, and exerciſing all the functions of an old Patriarch in charity and hoſpitality. I will not tell Mrs. B* what I think ſhe is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and ſhe will allow herſelf to be far enough advanced above a fine lady, not to deſire to ſhine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have ſome other thoughts, which even their mother muſt excuſe them for, becauſe ſhe is a mother. I will not however ſuppoſe thoſe thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them and aſſiſt the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may raiſe up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, eaſy, and happy, juſt as I wiſh you; and next to that, I wiſh you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man: next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuiſti eum paullo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wiſh well to the good and the deſerving, and deſire they only ſhould be my companions and correſpondents, I muſt very ſoon and very much think of you. I want your company, and your example. Pray make haſte to town, ſo as not again to leave

us;

us: diſcharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which, the poets ſay, the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth, to the ſons of the earth; your converſation is in heaven. Which that it may be accompliſh'd in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this ſhort Sermon; value (to you) three-pence. Adieu.

Mr. Blount died in London the following Year 1726. P.

LETTERS

LETTERS

To and from the

Hon. ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1714 to 1727.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. Robert Digby.

June 2, 1717.

I Had pleas'd myſelf ſooner in writing to you, but that I have been your ſucceſſor in a fit of ſickneſs, and am not yet ſo much recovered, but that I have thoughts of uſing your [a] phyſicians. They are as grave perſons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are ſuch lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to eſcape them.

[a] Aſſes.

Let them l[illegible], but people will ſtill have their opinions: as they think our Doctors aſſes to them, we'll think them aſſes to our Doctors.

I am glad you are ſo much in a better ſtate of health, as to allow me to jeſt about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was ſo very ſerious, that I almoſt take it ill Dr. Evans ſhould tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more ſuch people were to leave the world, I would not give ſixpence to ſtay in it.

I am not ſo much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: moſt men of wit or honeſty are uſually decreed to live very lean, ſo I am inclined to the opinion that 'tis decreed you ſhall; however be comforted, and reflect, that you'll make the better Buſto for it.

'Tis ſomething particular in you, not to be ſatisfied with ſending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Wharton forced me to take Gorboduc, which has ſince done me great credit with ſeveral people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham ſome diſ-kindneſs, in ſhewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne, and King George. It is truly a ſcandal, that men ſhould write with contempt of a piece which they never once ſaw, as thoſe two Poets did, who were ignorant

rant even of the ſex, as well as ſenſe, of Gorboduc [b].

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I ſhall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briſeis. I ſhall be Achilles's humble ſervant theſe two months (with the good leave of all my friends.) I have no ambition ſo ſtrong at preſent, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furniſh out a decent and plentiful execution, of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expreſs'd how heartily I wiſh the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preſerve me in the day of battle, which is juſt approaching! join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

London, March 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give myſelf in correſponding with men of good nature and good underſtanding, you ſee I omit to anſwer your letters till a time, when another

[b] There is a correct edition of it in that valuable collection of old Plays publiſhed by Dodſley.

man

man would be aſhamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that ſpirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the ſpirit of goodneſs, pray never ſtint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare truſt you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the reſt of this paper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified with conceits all over; you ſhould be put out of breath with laughter at each ſentence, and pauſe at each period, to look back over how much wit you have paſſed. But I have found by experience that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the moſt we can hope is to be heard juſt with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whiſtle at a ſermon. The ſtage is the only place we ſeem alive at; there indeed we ſtare, and roar, and clap hands for K. George, and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obſolete train, ſo ill-dreſs'd, that men, women, and children hiſs them out of all good company. Humility knocks ſo

ſneakingly

ſneakingly at the door that every footman out-raps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having ruſticated in your company too long, really behaves herſelf ſcandalouſly among us: ſhe pretends to open her eyes for the ſake of ſeeing the ſun; and to ſleep becauſe it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have ſaid her prayers before; talks, without any manner of ſhame, of good books, and has not ſeen Cibber's play of the Non-juror. I rejoiced the other day to ſee a libel on her toilette, which gives me ſome hope that you have, at leaſt, a taſte of ſcandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wiſh you well; but as I cannot entirely deſire the ruin of all the joys of this city, ſo all that remains is to wiſh you would keep your happineſs to yourſelves, that the happieſt here may not die with envy at a bliſs which they cannot attain to.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER III.
From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleſhill, April 17, 1718.

I Have read your letter over and over with delight. By your deſcription of the town, I imagine it to lie under ſome great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, ſince you do not fly thoſe horrible monſters, rapine, diſſimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot eſcape. We are here in the country in quite another world, ſurrounded with bleſſings and pleaſures, without any occaſion of exerciſing our iraſcible faculties; indeed we cannot boaſt of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we don't live unpleaſantly in primitive ſimplicity and good-humour. The faſhions of the town affect us but juſt like a raree-ſhow, we have a curioſity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and ſplendor at this diſtance; it appears to us a fine glittering ſcene, which if we don't envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to perſuade us of the humility of Virtue, and her appearing

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in rags amongſt you, we can never believe ſo our uninform'd minds repreſent her ſo noble to us, that we neceſſarily annex ſplendor to her: and we could as ſoon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I can't forbear telling you we indeed read the ſpoils of Rapine as boys do the Engliſh rogue, and hug ourſelves full as much over it; yet our roſes are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleaſure of hearing (when you are at leiſure) how ſoon I may expect to ſee the next volume of Homer.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

May 1, 1720.

YOu'll think me very full of myſelf, when after long ſilence (which however, to ſay truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finiſhing a book, as in concluding a ſeſſion of Parliament, one always thinks it will be very ſoon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and ſo I ſee it is in mine. I have plagued myſelf, like great miniſters, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a deſire

of

of doing more than was expected from me, have done leſs than I ought.

For having deſign'd four very laborious and uncommon ſort of Indexes to Homer, I'm forc'd, for want of time, to publiſh two only; the deſign of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being fully executed. I've alſo been obliged to leave unfiniſh'd in my deſk the heads of two Eſſays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they muſt wait for future editions, or periſh: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem.* I think of you every day, I aſſure you, even without ſuch good memorials of you as your ſiſters, with whom I ſometimes talk of you, and find it one of the moſt agreeable of all ſubjects to them. My Lord Digby muſt be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder ſons wiſh they had fathers to their lives end.

I can't touch upon the ſubject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a ſincere, hearty, old-faſhion'd reſpect for you, and conſtantly blames her ſon for not having writ to you oftener to tell you ſo.

I very much wiſh (but what ſignifies my wiſhing? my lady Scudamore wiſhes, your ſiſters wiſh) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contraſte this ſeaſon affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnſon of Twickenham is) in this warmer ſeaſon. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded ſun, at the ſame time that its banks retain the verdure of ſhowers: our gardens are offering their firſt noſegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are ſtretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thankſgiving ſongs for the new habitations I have made them; my building riſes high enough to attract the eye and curioſity of the paſſenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what houſe is falling, or what church is riſing? So little taſte have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their ſtreams, my Tuſcan Porticos, or Ionic Pilaſters.

But (to deſcend from all this pomp of ſtyle) the beſt account of what I am building, is, that

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it will afford me a few pleaſant rooms for ſuch a friend as yourſelf, or a cool ſituation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when ſhe will do me the honour (at this public houſe on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am ſurprized with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jeſt! Building, gardens, writings, pleaſures, works, of whatever ſtuff man can raiſe! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of ſatisfying a ſoul that is immortal! Dear Sir,

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. DIGBY.

May 21, 1720.

YOUR letter, which I had two poſts ago, was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was ſick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any teſtimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as conſtantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troubleſome ill to me, till, after reading your letter,

I found it was a moſt idle weak imagination to think I could ſo offend you. Of all the impreſſions you have made upon me, I never receiv'd any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be aſſured of ſome ſhare of your affections.

I had many other pleaſures from your letter; that your mother remembers me is a very ſincere joy to me; I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourſelves obliged as thoſe that have received one. This is indeed an old-faſhioned reſpect, hardly to be found out of your houſe. I have great hopes however, to ſee many old-faſhioned virtues revive, ſince you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wiſh you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of ſeeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I ſhould congratulate your having finiſhed Homer, while the two eſſays you mention are not completed; but if you expect no great trouble from finiſhing theſe, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have ſome faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here ſee round me. The verdure of ſhowers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedges breath is beyond all perfume, and the

ſong

ſong of birds we hear as well as you. But tho' I hear and ſee all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of theſe at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I gueſs what an increaſe of charms it muſt now have. How kind is it in you to wiſh me there, and how unfortunate are my circumſtances that allow me not to viſit you? If I ſee you, I muſt leave my Father alone, and this uneaſy thought would diſappoint all my propoſed pleaſures; the ſame circumſtance will prevent my proſpect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurſt's wood, and I fear of ſeeing you till winter, unleſs Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which caſe I ſhall preſs you to ſee Dorſetſhire, as you propoſed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite Portico.

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and converſation is, I find, quite changed ſince I left it, tho' it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever aſto-

niſhed a Philoſopher ſo much as this does me. I hope this will calm all Party-rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in converſation. All ſcandal will ſure be laid aſide, for there can be no ſuch diſeaſe any more as Spleen in this new golden age. I am pleaſed with the thoughts of ſeeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the univerſal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was ſoon content; and that you cared not for ſuch an increaſe as others wiſhed you. By this account I judge you the richeſt man in the South-ſea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wiſh you only an increaſe of health, for of riches and fame you have enough. Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind deſire to know the ſtate of my health had not been unſatisfied ſo long, had not that ill ſtate been the impediment. Nor ſhould I have ſeem'd an unconcern'd party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from lady Scudamore, whoſe ſhort Eſchantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the

ſhort

ſhort glympſe of a viſion afforded to ſome devout hermit; for it includes (as thoſe revelations do) a promiſe of a better life in the Elyſian groves of Cirenceſter, whither, I could ſay almoſt in the ſtyle of a ſermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one bliſsful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as aſſociates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals call'd ſpaw-water, be convey'd; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh garlands crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy.

When I ſpeak of garlands, I ſhould not forget the green veſtments and ſcarfs which your ſiſters promis'd to make for this purpoſe: I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your ſide and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Oſborne's deſcription of King James the firſt.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry, can ſuffice, to expreſs how infinitely I eſteem, value, love, and deſire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, ſubſcribers, projectors, directors, governors, treaſurers, &c. &c. &c. *in ſæcula ſæculorum.*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miſerable mercenary period: and turn yourſelf, in a juſt contempt of theſe ſons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage: in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am!) to water-gruel and Palladio. I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 30.

I Congratulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the Golden-age, for ſure this muſt be ſuch, in which money is ſhower'd down in ſuch abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden-age to us. I have ſome omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muſes delight to be near a Court, when I find you frequently with a Firſt-miniſter, I can't but expect from ſuch an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know, you deſire to bring them into honour, above the golden Image which is ſet up and worſhipped, and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all ſuch hopes. You ſeem to intimate

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in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our paſſions in the pleaſurable purſuit of them, tho' aſſiſted by this encreaſe: if ſo, and if monſters only as various as thoſe of Nile ariſe from this abundance, who that has any ſpleen about him will not haſte to town to laugh? What will become of the playhouſe? who will go thither, while there is ſuch entertainment in the ſtreets? I hope we ſhall neither want good Satire nor Comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of genius's, for none has ever produced better ſubjects.

Yours, &c.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleſhill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I Find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public Spirit ſo much admired in old Rome, of ſacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the common-wealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have ſuffered in the S. Sea, than for the public, which is ſaid to be undone

undone by it. But, I hope, the reaſon is, that I do not ſee ſo evidently the ruin of the public to be a conſequence of it, as I do the loſs of my friends. I fear there are few beſides yourſelf that will be perſuaded by old Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole.* I know not whether I do not rejoyce in your Sufferings[a]; ſince they have ſhewn me your mind is principled with ſuch a ſentiment, I aſſure you I expect from it a performance greater ſtill than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could ſhew you to my eye in ſo much ſplendor. I would not indulge this fit of philoſophy ſo far as to be tedious to you, elſe I could proſecute it with pleaſure.

I long to ſee you, your Mother, and your Villa; till then I will ſay nothing of Lord Bathurſt's wood, which I ſaw in my return hither. Soon after Chriſtmas I deſign for London, where I ſhall miſs Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to ſtay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to ſuffer by this reſolution, and would fain blame

[a] See Note on v. 139. of the ſecond Satire, ii. Book of Horace.

her,

her, but cannot find a cauſe. The man is curſed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can uſe it with pleaſure to ſend my ſervices to your good mother, and to write myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOctor Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will ſtay there a fortnight or more: perhaps you would be comforted to have a ſight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: ſhe needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal buſineſs and amuſement of mind, and even as active as ſhe could deſire. But indeed I fear ſhe would out-walk him; for (as Dean Swift obſerv'd to me the very firſt time I ſaw the Doctor) "He is a man that can do every thing but "walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes alſo to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpoſe to know him. The ſpirit of Philanthropy, ſo long dead to our world,

world, is reviv'd in him: he is a philoſopher all of fire; ſo warmly, nay ſo wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be ſo too, and draws them into his own Vortex. He is a ſtar that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would ſerve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy ſerve a friend.

As all human life is chequer'd and mixed with acquiſitions and loſſes (tho' the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former laſting or ſatisfactory) ſo at the time I have gain'd the acquaintance of one worthy man I have loſt another, a very eaſy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. 'Tis certain the loſs of one of this character puts us naturally upon ſetting a greater value on the few that are left, tho' the degree of our eſteem may be different. Nothing, ſays Seneca, is ſo melancholy a circumſtance in human life, or ſo ſoon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and proſpect of one friend after another dropping round us! Who would ſtand alone, the ſole remaining ruin, the laſt tottering column of all the fabric of friendſhip; once ſo large, ſeemingly ſo ſtrong, and yet ſo ſuddenly ſunk and buried?

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

I Have belief enough in the goodneſs of your whole family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in ſafety at Twickenham; tho' it is a ſort of earneſt that you will be troubled again with me, at Sherburne, or Coleſhill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one ſees the reſt, one likes them all. Pray make my ſervices acceptable to them; I wiſh them all the happineſs they may want, and the continuance of all the happineſs they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I muſt ſeparate Lady Scudamore from you, as, I fear, ſhe will do herſelf before this letter reaches you: ſo I wiſh her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if ſhe lives as well as you do: tho' I much queſtion if ſhe can live as quietly: I ſuſpect the Bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miſs Scudamore's birth-days, and that all the Clergy in the country come to pay reſpects; both the Clergy and their Bells expecting from her, and from the young Lady, further buſineſs and further employment. Beſides all this, there dwells on the one ſide of her the Lord Conningſby, and on the other Mr. W*. Yet I ſhall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her ſake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man than to content myſelf with thanking him in the common way. I am in as ſincere a ſenſe of the word, his ſervant, as you are his ſon, or he your father.

I muſt in my turn inſiſt upon hearing how my laſt fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and deſire Mr. Philips to remember me in his Cyder, and to tell Mr. W* that I am dead and buried.

I wiſh the young Ladies, whom I almoſt robb'd of their good name, a better name in return (even that very name to each of them; which they ſhall like beſt, for the ſake of the man that bears it.) Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

1722.

YOUR making a ſort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be ſo, and (what is the happieſt knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me: for ſure nothing is more ſatisfactory than to be certain of ſuch a friend as will overlook one's failings, ſince every ſuch inſtance is a conviction of his kindneſs.

If

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to riſe to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle diſpoſition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myſelf, and fully purpoſe to make you a viſit this ſummer at Sherburne. I'm told you are all upon removal very ſpeedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of ſeeing my Lord Bathurſt's wood in her way. How much I wiſh to be her guide thro' that enchanted foreſt, is not to be expreſt: I look upon myſelf as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the receſſes of thoſe ſacred ſhades. I could paſs whole days, in only deſcribing to her the future, and as yet viſionary beauties, that are to riſe in thoſe ſcenes: the palace that is to be built, the pavillions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them: nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces thro' ſecret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they riſe and celebrate their marriage in the midſt of an immenſe amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of poſterity, a hundred years hence. But till the deſtin'd time ſhall arrive that is to manifeſt theſe wonders, Mrs. Digby muſt content herſelf with ſeeing

ing what is at preſent no more than the fineſt wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turn'd followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town reſort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian Ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more cloſely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like thoſe of Sparta, attend their ſons to the field, to be the witneſſes of their glorious deeds; and the maidens with all their charms diſplay'd, provoke the ſpirit of the Soldiers: Tea and Coffee ſupply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This Camp ſeems crown'd with perpetual victory, for every ſun that riſes in the thunder of cannon, ſets in the muſic of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the conſtant preſence of the Princeſs, to repreſent the *Mater Exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwiſe. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own ſort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and won't ſo much as ſuffer me to look upon them. The perſon I complain of is the Biſhop of Rocheſter.

Yet

Yet he allows me (from ſomething he has heard of your character and that of your family, as if you were of the old ſect of moraliſts) to write three or four ſides of paper to you, and to tell you (what theſe ſort of people never tell but with truth and religious ſincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

THE ſame reaſon that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleaſing expectation to ſee you in town. Indeed ſince the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother (whom it is natural and reaſonable I ſhould rejoice with, as well as grieve) I could the better bear your abſence from London, for I could hardly have ſeen you there; and it would not have been quite reaſonable to have drawn you to a ſick room hither from the firſt embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not ſo much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we ſit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account,

that it is the very warmeſt in the houſe; we and our fires will equally ſmile upon your face. There is a Perſian proverb that ſays (I think very prettily) "The converſation of a friend "brightens the eyes." This I take to be a ſplendor ſtill more agreeable than the fires you ſo delightfully deſcribe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-ſide in the metaphorical ſenſe, that is, all thoſe of your family who make it pleaſing to ſit and ſpend whole wintry months together (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honeſt heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and falſe ſplendors, of an Aſſembly of empty heads, aking hearts, and falſe faces.) This is my ſincere wiſh to you and yours.

You ſay you propoſe much pleaſure in ſeeing ſome few faces about town of my acquaintance. I gueſs you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I aſſure you, you ought to take as much pleaſure in their hearts, if they are what they ſometimes expreſs with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I Can't return from ſo agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very ſtrongly impreſſed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and ſhall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when abſent from it. As you are poſſeſſed of all the pleaſures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wiſh you but health to enjoy them? This I ſo heartily do, that I ſhould be even glad to hear your good old mother might loſe all her preſent pleaſures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unneceſſary.

I am troubled and ſhall be ſo till I hear you have receiv'd this letter: for you gave me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deſerve that friendly warmth and affection with

which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and eſteem for you: ſo truly, that I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure of my life if I loſt your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the claſs of honeſt men; for tho' I am not troubled overmuch about the opinion moſt may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of, by you and ſome few others. I will not doubt my own ſtrength, yet I have this further ſecurity to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your eſteem with it.

Perpetual diſorder and ill health have for ſome years ſo diſguiſed me, that, I ſometimes fear I do not to my beſt friends enough appear what I really am. Sickneſs is a great oppreſſor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, ſtifling its warmth, and not ſuffering it to break out in action. But, I hope, I ſhall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that pleaſe me too, tho' not ſo well grounded; theſe are, that you may yet make a journey weſtward with Lord Bathurſt; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reaſon, becauſe I would not part with the pleaſure of that belief. I grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! Indeed I remember him, as one

that

that has made ſickneſs eaſy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the ſame manner that you have always done. I often too conſider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inſeparable. I have, as you gueſs, many philoſophical reveries in the ſhades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good Genius, applaud and ſtrengthen all my ſentiments that have honour in them. This good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I muſt acknowledge now, that my own breaſt may not reproach me with ingratitude, and diſquiet me when I would muſe again in that ſolemn ſcene. I have not room now left to aſk you many queſtions I intended about the Odyſſey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulyſſes on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I deſire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing elſe that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? how look the trees? how ſpring the Brocoli and the Fenochio? hard names to ſpell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approv'd? what parties have you had of plea-

ſure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours paſs, all you ſay, and all you do; of which I ſhould queſtion you yet farther, but my paper is full and ſpares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, ſo my father deſires to be, and every ſoul here whoſe name is Digby. My ſiſter will be yours in particular. What can I add more? I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

October 10.

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn No traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for ſix or ſeven days---But here you have me now, and that is all I ſhall ſay of it: ſince which time an impertinent lameneſs kept me at home twice as long; as if fate ſhould ſay (after the other dangerous illneſs) "You "ſhall neither go into the other world, nor "any where you like in this." Elſe who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conſpire in your ſentiments, emulate your pleaſures, wiſh for your company. You are all

all of one heart and one ſoul, as was ſaid of the primitive Chriſtians: 'tis like the kingdom of the juſt upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a ſet of try'd, experienced friends, and fellow-comforters, who have ſeen evil men and evil days, and have by a ſuperior rectitude of heart ſet yourſelves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end ſuch a millennary year in London? tranſmigrate (if I may ſo call it) into other creatures, in that ſcene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Homlacy in ſenſe and reaſon triumphant? I appeal to a third Lady in your family, whom I take to be the moſt innocent, and the leaſt warp'd by idle faſhion and cuſtom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every ſoul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I deſire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miſs Scudamore's [a]. I am confident if ſhe would or durſt ſpeak her ſenſe, and employ that reaſoning which God has given her, to infuſe more thoughtfulneſs into you all; thoſe arguments could not fail to put you to the bluſh, and keep you out of town, like people ſenſible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if ſhe

[a] Afterwards Ducheſs of Beaufort, at this time very young. P.

can detain a parliament man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with ſuch irreſiſtible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas [b], the ſeat of all earthly happineſs, and the new Jeruſalem of the righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the year, the ſeaſon is good where the people are ſo: 'tis the beſt time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the proſpects begin to open, thro' the thinner woods, over the valleys; and thro' the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and ſcatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the froſts are freſh and wholeſome; what would you have? the Moon ſhines too, tho' not for Lovers theſe cold nights, but for Aſtronomers.

Have ye not reflecting Teleſcopes [c], whereby ye may innocently magnify her ſpots and blemiſhes? Content yourſelves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting Teleſcopes, and where thoſe of

[b] About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a ſettlement in Bermudas for the Propagation of the Chriſtian faith, and introduction of Sciences into America. P.

[c] Theſe inſtruments were juſt then brought to perfection. P.

all

all others are equally ſuch upon their neighbours. Stay you at leaſt (for what I've ſaid before relates only to the ladies: don't imagine I'll write about any Eyes but theirs) ſtay, I ſay, from that idle, buſy-looking Sanhedrin, where wiſdom or no wiſdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will deſpiſe good advice, and reſolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing juſt the things I ſhould not, living where I ſhould not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word as much an Anti-Bermudaniſt as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their ſervant, you know I am

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 12.

I Have been above a month ſtrolling about in Buckinghamſhire and Oxfordſhire, from garden to garden, but ſtill returning to Lord Cobham's with freſh ſatisfaction. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B*'s improvements; and then I will expect ſomething like the waters of Riſkins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at leaſt as good as any thing in our world: For

For as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Paradiſe of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of them, but, I dare ſay, Lord B* has, becauſe they were certainly both very great, and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordſhip's *Extravagante Bergerie:* and that ſhe is juſt now ſitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigued with over much dancing and ſinging at his unwearied requeſt and inſtigation. I know your love of eaſe ſo well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philoſophical to be a philoſopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordſhip's maxims is, that a total abſtinence from intemperance or buſineſs, is no more philoſophy, than a total conſopition of the ſenſes is repoſe; one muſt feel enough of its contrary to have a reliſh of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as ſedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you ſhall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the cuſtoms of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your converſion to her, but indiſpoſition, which, I hope, will be far from you. I am telling the worſt that can come of you; for as to vice, you are ſafe; but folly is many an honeſt man's, nay

every

every good-humour'd man's lot: nay, it is the ſeaſoning of life; and fools (in one ſenſe) are the ſalt of the earth: a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole mouthful is juſtly call'd the Devil.

So much for your diverſions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at preſent, than I ſhall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradiſe, it is in ſuch perfect Union and Society as you all poſſeſs. I would have my innocent envies and wiſhes of your ſtate known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and eſteem. My Lord Digby has in me a ſincere ſervant, or would have, were there any occaſion for me to manifeſt it.

LETTER XVII.

Decemb. 28, 1724.

IT is now the ſeaſon to wiſh you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both theſe you know how to make yourſelf, by only continuing ſuch a life as you have been long accuſtomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to thoſe that do them, or to thoſe that do them not; the firſt are too modeſt, and the latter

latter too ſelfiſh, to bear the mention of what are become either too old faſhion'd, or too private, to conſtitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the preſent age. However, it were to be wiſh'd people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in caſe any of them ſhould by chance come into faſhion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hoop'd petticoats, (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of ſins.)

They tell me that at Coleſhill certain antiquated charities, and obſolete devotions are yet ſubſiſting: that a thing called Chriſtian chearfulneſs (not incompatible with Chriſtmas-pyes and plum-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old ſermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good houſe-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourſcore miles: and laſtly, that prayers and roaſt-beef actually make ſome people as happy, as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I aſſure you, men, women, and children have done with theſe things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Inſtead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for juſtice, time-

ſerving

ſerving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a ſtate of ignorance, and ſee nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the caſe is juſt as I tell you where people underſtand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wiſh that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them ſenſible which of theſe is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high-feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almſgiving, and reading, and exerciſe, and come into our meaſures? I wiſh (I ſay) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to

Your affectionate, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR, April 21, 1726.

I Have a great inclination to write to you, tho' I cannot by writing any more than I could by words, expreſs what part I bear in your ſufferings. Nature and Eſteem in you are join'd to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a

Mr. Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of Sherburne in Dorſetſhire, with an Epitaph written by the Author. P.

degree

degree equal even to yours, and a tye of friendſhip approaches near to the tenderneſs of nature: yet, God knows, no man living is leſs fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply ſenſible than myſelf of the greatneſs of the loſs. That very virtue, which ſecures his preſent ſtate from all the ſorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandiſe our ſenſation of its being remov'd from our ſight, from our affection, and from our imitation; for the friendſhip and ſociety of good Men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their Death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was ſo, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that ſo much wants them, as long as in its juſtice to them it could ſpare them to us. May my ſoul be with thoſe who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I ſhall be with him. Let us preſerve his memory in the way he would beſt like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each juſt as we think he would have done; ſo we ſhall have him always before our eyes, and in

our

our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope when we ſhall meet him next, we ſhall be more of a piece with him, and conſequently not to be evermore ſeparated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourſelf and me, ſince ſo valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with ſuch hopes, wiſhes and affections for him as ſuited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and ſhall (I aſſure you in the ſincerity of ſorrow for my own loſs) be faithfully at your ſervice while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myſelf.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Dr. ATTERBURY,

Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

From 1716 to 1723.

LETTER I.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Decemb. 1716.

I Return your [a] Preface, which I have read twice with pleaſure. The modeſty and good ſenſe there is in it, muſt pleaſe every one that reads it: And ſince there is nothing that can offend, I ſee not why you ſhould balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing ſaid there which you may have occaſion to unſay hereafter: of which

[a] The general preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, firſt printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter. P.

ou yourſelf are the beſt and the only judge. his is my ſincere opinion, which I give, beauſe you aſk it: and which I would not give o' aſked, but to a man I value as much as I o you; being ſenſible how improper it is, n many accounts, for me to interpoſe in ings of this nature; which I never underood well, and now underſtand ſomewhat leſs an ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; pecially ſince you have had the goodneſs of:n, and patiently, to hear what I have ſaid ainſt rhyme, and in behalf of blank verſe; with ttle diſcretion perhaps, but, I am ſure, without ne leaſt prejudice: being myſelf equally incaable of writing well in either of thoſe ways, id leaning therefore to neither ſide of the queſon, but as the appearance of reaſon inclines ne. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an er-or of above thirty years ſtanding, and which nerefore I ſhall be very loth to part with. In ther matters which relate to polite writing, I nall ſeldom differ from you: or, if I do, ſhall, hope, have the prudence to conceal my opiion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is, s much as any man can be,

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I Hop'd to find you laſt night at Lord Bathurſt's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc* [a] with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he ſhould ſee you, I depoſited the book in his hands: out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurſt got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Gorboduc ſhould ſtill miſs his way to you, others are to anſwer for it; I have delivered up my truſt. I am not ſorry your [b] Alcander is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the firſt page, and put it, with your leave, among my curioſities. In truth, it is the only inſtance of that kind I ever met with, from a perſon good for any thing elſe, nay for every thing elſe to which he is pleas'd to turn himſelf.

Depend upon it, I ſhall ſee you with great pleaſure at Bromley; and there is no requeſt

[a] A Tragedy, written in the Reign of Edward the ſixth (and much the beſt performance of that Age) by Sackvil, afterwards Earl of Dorſet, and Lord Treaſurer to Queen Elizabeth. It was then very ſcarce, but lately reprinted by R. Dodſley in Pall-mall. P.

[b] An Heroic Poem writ at 15 years old. P.

you can make to me, that I ſhall not moſt readily comply with. I wiſh you health and happineſs of all ſorts, and would be glad to be inſtrumental in any degree towards helping you to the leaſt ſhare of either. I am always, every where, moſt affectionately and faithfully

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Have nothing to ſay to you on that melancholy ſubject, with an account of which the printed papers have furniſh'd me, but what you have already ſaid to yourſelf.

When you have paid the debt of tenderneſs you owe to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own eaſe and happineſs. You have it now in your power, to purſue that method of thinking and living which you like beſt. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to aſſure you that there is no man living, who wiſhes you

better, or would be more pleas'd to contribute any ways to your ſatisfaction or ſervice.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be reviſed, and augmented, in ſeveral places, as the title page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I ſee you next, I will ſhew you the ſeveral paſſages alter'd, and added by the author, beſide what you mentioned to me.

I proteſt to you, this laſt peruſal of him has given me ſuch new degrees, I will not ſay of pleaſure but of admiration and aſtoniſhment, that I look upon the ſublimity of Homer, and the majeſty of Virgil with ſomewhat leſs reverence than I uſed to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to ſhew me in the firſt of theſe any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatneſs and juſtneſs of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I look'd upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a ſerious truth, and could almoſt venture to ſet my hand to it,

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum ceciniſſe putabit
Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town the D. of Buckingham continued ſo ill that he receiv'd no meſſages; oblige me ſo

far as to let me know how he does; at the ſame time I ſhall know how you do, and that will be a double ſatisfaction to

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

The Anſwer.

MY LORD, Nov. 20, 1717.

I Am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my Father's death, and the deſire you expreſs that I ſhould improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordſhip's friendſhip to me is ſo extenſive, that you include in that wiſh both my ſpiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendſhip, to open my mind unreſervedly to you on this head. It is true, I have loſt a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tye: I thank God another ſtill remains (and long may it remain) of the ſame tender nature: *Genitrix eſt mihi*---and excuſe me if I ſay with Euryalus,

nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tye, but ſure it is a virtuous one: at leaſt I am more certain

that it is a duty of nature to preſerve a good parent's life and happineſs, than I am of any ſpeculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For ſhe, my Lord, would think this ſeparation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the ſucceſs of ſuch an adventure, (for an Adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of the moſt poſitive divinity.) Whether the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, the part of *Joyning* with any one body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would not be ſo, to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordſhip has formerly advis'd me to read the beſt controverſies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books) there was a collection of all that had been written on both ſides in the reign of King James the ſecond: I warm'd my head with them, and the conſequence was, that I found

I found myſelf a Papiſt and a Proteſtant by turns, according to the laſt book I read [b]. I am afraid moſt Seekers are in the ſame caſe, and when they ſtop, they are not ſo properly converted, as out-witted. You ſee how little glory you would gain by my converſion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordſhip and I are both of the ſame religion, if we were thoroughly underſtood by one another, and that all honeſt and reaſonable chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to ſerve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* ſide of the queſtion, I can have no diſpute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumſtances of life, and all the ſhining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and beſides it is a real truth, I have leſs Inclination (if poſſible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my ſcene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where moſt people end theirs, with a diſ-reliſh of all that the world calls Am-

[b] This is an admirable deſcription of every Reader labouring in religious controverſy, without poſſeſſing the *principles* on which a right judgment of the points in queſtion is to be regulated.

bition: I don't know why 'tis called ſo, for to me it always ſeem'd to be rather *ſtooping* than *climbing*. I'll tell you my politic and religious ſentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preſerve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preſerve the peace of my conſcience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are ſo far of God, as they are rightly underſtood, and rightly adminiſtred: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it muſt be by greater inſtruments than I am. I am not a Papiſt, for I renounce the temporal invaſions of the Papal power, and deteſt their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a Catholic in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If I was born under an abſolute prince, I would be a quiet ſubject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the Britiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things I have always wiſhed to ſee are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spaniſh Catholic, but a true Catholic: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his preſent Majeſty may be, and all future Majeſties;

jeſties: You ſee, my Lord, I end like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and ſincere thanks, ever

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I Hope you have ſome time ago receiv'd the Sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as inſtances (how ſmall ones ſoever) that I wiſh you both health and diverſion. What I now ſend for your peruſal, I ſhall ſay nothing of; not to foreſtall by a ſingle word what you promis'd to ſay upon that ſubject. Your Lordſhip may criticiſe from Virgil to theſe Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyſſop. I have ſome cauſe, ſince I laſt waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wiſe enough to go thither to conſult you: The fate of the South-ſea Scheme has, much ſooner than I expected, verify'd what you told me. Moſt people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man conſidered it would come *like a Thief in the Night*, exactly as it happens

happens in the caſe of our death. Methinks God has puniſh'd the avaricious, as he often puniſhes ſinners, in their own way, in the very ſin itſelf: the thirſt of gain was their crime, that thirſt continued became their puniſhment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune, to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble ſervant) I would have them ſenſible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Heſiod's maxim, who, after half his eſtate was ſwallowed by the *Directors* of thoſe days, reſolv'd, that *half* to be *more than the whole.*

Does not the fate of theſe people put you in mind of two paſſages, one in Job, the other from the Pſalmiſt?

Men ſhall groan out of the CITY, *and hiſs them out of their* PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awakening have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the univerſal poverty, which is the conſequence of univerſal avarice, and which will fall hardeſt upon the guiltleſs and induſtrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The univerſal deluge of the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *Unrighteous* men: but it is ſome comfort to me that I am not one of them, even tho' I were to ſurvive and rule the world by it. I am much

pleas'd

pleas'd with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he ſays the government and South-Sea company have only lock'd up the money of the people, upon conviction of their Lunacy (as is uſual in the caſe of Lunatics) and intend to reſtore them as much as may be fit for ſuch people, as faſt as they ſhall ſee them return to their ſenſes.

The latter part of your letter does me ſo much honour, and ſhews me ſo much kindneſs, that I muſt both be proud and pleas'd, in a great degree; but I aſſure you, my Lord, much more the laſt than the firſt. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart which truly reſpects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the leaſt ſymptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the beſt reaſon I know for my being pleas'd, is, that you continue your favour toward me; the beſt I know for being proud, would be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be ſuch a phyſician as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with the ſincereſt eſteem, and moſt grateful acknowledgement,

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I receiv'd not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever ſince I returned hither from Weſtminſter on Saturday night laſt: it has found its way into my hands as well as legs, ſo that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the firſt letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as, Tully ſays, Tyro's letters were, after his Recovery from an illneſs. What I ſaid to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it; but when I ſee you, you ſhall. I hope you may be at the Deanry, towards the end of October, by which time, I think of ſettling there for the winter. What do you think of ſome ſuch ſhort inſcription as this in latin, which may, in a few words, ſay all that is to be ſaid of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deſerves?

JOHANNI

IOHANNI DRYDENO,

CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SIQVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITURA:
HONORIS ERGO P. &c.

To ſhew you that I am as much in earneſt in the affair, as you yourſelf, ſomething I will ſend you too of this kind in Engliſh. If your deſign holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his Buſto above---may not lines like theſe be grav'd juſt under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's aſhes juſt,
Here fix'd his Name, and there his lawrel'd Buſt.
What elſe the Muſe in Marble might expreſs,
Is known already; Praiſe would make him leſs.

Or thus ——

More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,
Praiſe is impertinent; and Cenſure vain.

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at leaſt, tho' it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you if you ſhould not once in your life-time again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been, almoſt ever ſince they came to hand,

hand, I have read as much of them, as ever I ſhall read while I live. Indeed they do not pleaſe my taſte: they are writ with ſo romantick an air, and, allowing for the difference of eaſtern manners, are yet, upon any ſuppoſition that can be made, of ſo wild and abſurd a contrivance (at leaſt to my northern underſtanding) that I have not only no pleaſure, but no patience, in peruſing them. They are to me like the old paintings on Indian ſcreens, which at firſt glance may ſurprize and pleaſe a little: but, when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear ſo extravagant, diſproportion'd, and monſtrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him ſeek for relief from ſome other object.

They may furniſh the mind with ſome new images: but I think the purchaſe is made at too great an expence: for to read thoſe two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance, and to read them with pleaſure would be dangerous on the other ſide, becauſe of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen reliſh of them, till I find you write worſe than you do, which, I dare ſay, I never ſhall. Who that *Petit de la Croiſe* is, the pretended author of them [a], I

[a] Not the *pretended Author*, but the real tranſlator, from an Arabic MS of the tales, which is in the French

cannot

cannot tell: but obſerving how full they are in the deſcriptions of dreſs, furniture, &c. I cannot help thinking them the product of ſome Woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, ra-

King's library. What was tranſlated in ten ſmall Volumes, is not more than the tenth part of the Original. The Eaſtern people have been always famous for this ſort of Compoſition: in which much fine morality is frequently conveyed; not in deed in a ſtory always repreſenting real life, but what the eaſtern ſuperſtitions made paſs for ſuch amongſt the people. Their great genius for this kind of writing appears from theſe very tales. But the policy of ſome of the later princes of the Eaſt greatly hurt the task, by ſetting all men upon compoſing them, to furniſh matter for their coffee-houſes and places of reſort; which were enjoined to give this entertainment to the people, with deſign to divert them from politics, and matters of ſtate. This Collection is ſo ſtrange a medley of ſenſe and nonſenſe, that one would be tempted to think it was the work of ſome Coffee-man, who gathered indifferently from good and bad. The contrivance he has invented of tying them together has led him into ſuch a blunder, that after that, one could not be ſurprized at any thing. The tales are ſuppoſed to be told to one of the Kings of Perſia of the Dynaſty of the Saſſanides, an ancient race before Mahomet, and yet the ſcene of ſome of them is laid in the Court of *Harown Alraſchid* the 26th Chalif, and the 5th of the Race of the *Abbaſides*. Theſe are amongſt the beſt, and, indeed, it is no wonder. He was one of the moſt magnificent of the Chalifs, and the greateſt encourager of Letters; ſo that it was natural for men of genius in after times, to do this honour to his memory. But the Biſhop talks of *Petit de la Croiſe*. M. Galland was the tranſlator of the *Arabian tales*. The name of the other is to the collection, called the *Perſian tales*, of which I have nothing to ſay.

ther

ther than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am ſorry that I was ſo true a prophet in reſpect of the S. Sea, ſorry, I mean, as far as your loſs is concern'd: for in the general I ever was and ſtill am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flouriſh'd, it would by degrees have overturn'd our conſtitution. Three or four hundred millions was ſuch a weight, that whichſoever way it had leaned, muſt have born down all before it—But of the dead we muſt ſpeak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden ſays ſomewhere, *Peace be to its Manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you eaſy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have loſt beyond what you ventur'd, conſider that your ſuperfluous gains would have ſprung from the ruin of ſeveral families that now want neceſſaries! a thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by ſuch means, could not, I perſuade myſelf, be perfectly eaſy. Adieu, and believe me, ever

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourſelf gladder you are well, than I am; eſpecially ſince I can pleaſe myſelf with the thought that when you had loſt your health elſewhere, you recovered it here. May theſe lodgings never treat you worſe, nor you at any time have leſs reaſon to be fond of them!

I thank you for the ſight of your [a] Verſes, and with the freedom of an honeſt, tho' perhaps injudicious friend, muſt tell you, that tho' I could like ſome of them, if they were any body's elſe but yours, yet as they are yours and to be own'd as ſuch, I can ſcarce like any of them. Not but that the four firſt lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a leſs eſtabliſhed fame: but from you I expect ſomething of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourſelf: 'tis your misfortune now to write

[a] Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt. P.

without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careleſs, than you would otherwiſe be in your compoſures.

Thus much I could not forbear ſaying, tho' I have a motion of conſequence in the Houſe of Lords to day, and muſt prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worſe, having no other at hand. I wiſh you the continuance of your health moſt heartily; and am ever

Yours, &c.

I have ſent Dr. Arbuthnot [b] the Latin MS. which I could not find when you left me; and I am ſo angry at the writer for his deſign, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear ſending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reaſoner of that philoſophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is call'd--what that means in Engliſh or French, I can't ſay--- but all he ſays, is in ſo looſe and ſlippery and

[b] Written by Huetius, biſhop of Avranches. He was a mean reaſoner; as may be ſeen by a vaſt collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a *Demonſtration*; mixed up with much reading, which his friends called learning, and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he compoſed a treatiſe *of the weakneſs of the human underſtanding*: a poor ſyſtem of ſcepticiſm; indeed little other than an abſtract from *Sextus Empiricus*.

trickiſh

trickiſh a way of reaſoning, that I could not forbear applying the paſſage of Virgil to him,

Vane Ligur, fruſtaque animis elate ſuperbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes---

To be ſerious, I hate to ſee a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which ſays nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of diſtruſting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falſhood can in any caſe be diſtinguiſhed from each other. Could that bleſſed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to ſay it can) we ſhould then be in the moſt uncomfortable and wretched ſtate in the world; and I would in that caſe be glad to exchange my Reaſon, with a dog for his Inſtinct, to-morrow.

LETTER VIII.

L. Chancellor HARCOURT to Mr. POPE.

Decemb. 6, 1722.

I Cannot but ſuſpect myſelf of being very unreaſonable in begging you once more to review the inclos'd. Your friendſhip draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that

my tenderneſs makes me exceeding hard to be ſatisfied with any thing which can be ſaid on ſuch an unhappy ſubject. I caus'd the Latin Epitaph be as often alter'd before I could approve it.

When once your Epitaph is ſet up, there can be no alteration of it, it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendſhip, and, I aſſure myſelf, you will ſo ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the third line, will juſtly admit of that conſtruction which it ought to bear (viz.) renounced, deſerted, &c. *deny'd* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill ſenſe put upon it, as too great uneaſineſs, or more good-nature, than a wiſe man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could ſcarce mend thoſe two lines, and therefore I can ſcarce expect your forgiveneſs for my deſiring you to reconſider them.

Harcourt ſtands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to ſpeak.

I can't perfectly, at leaſt without further diſcourſing you, reconcile myſelf to the firſt part of that line; and, the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and, I perſuade myſelf, for that reaſon only ſubmitted to by you) ſeems to carry too doubtful a conſtruction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought, as eaſily to be

underſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your beſt leiſure you will peruſe the incloſed and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me ſee you any morning next week.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I Am now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, ſeldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner unleſs when company to whom I cannot excuſe myſelf, comes, which I am not ill pleas'd to find is now very ſeldom. This is my caſe in the ſunny part of the year: what muſt I expect, when

inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum?

" If theſe things be done in the green tree, what " ſhall be done in the dry." Excuſe me for employing a ſentence of Scripture on this occaſion; I apply it very ſeriouſly. One thing relieves me a little under the ill proſpect I have of ſpending my time at the Deanry this winter; that I ſhall have the opportunity of ſeeing you oftener; tho', I am afraid, you will have little

pleaſure in ſeeing me there. So much for my ill ſtate of health, which I had not touch'd on, had not your friendly letter been ſo full of it. One civil thing, that you ſay in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and poſſeſs'd of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not beſtow'd it on one who has no right to the leaſt part of the character. If you have not read the verſes lately, I am ſure you remember them becauſe you forget nothing.

With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very ſame rhymes and words (*appear* and *clear)* that the couplet but one after that does---and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the firſt of theſe couplets; for there it runs thus,

So lightnings in a ſtormy air
Scorch more, than when the ſky is fair.

You will ſay that I am not very much in pain, nor very buſy, when I can reliſh theſe amuſements, and you will ſay true: for at preſent I am in both theſe reſpects very eaſy.

I had not ſtrength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, elſe I would have done it, to have ſhew'd his friends that I had forgot and forgiven

forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he deſired, at the feet of Spencer, and I will take care to make good in every reſpect what I ſaid to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet he wrote for his own Epitaph; which while we were in good terms, I promis'd him ſhould never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Weſtminſter.

I am pleas'd to find you have ſo much pleaſure, and (which is the foundation of it) ſo much health at Lord Bathurſt's: may both continue till I ſee you! may my Lord have as much ſatisfaction in building the houſe in the wood, and uſing it when built, as you have in deſigning it! I cannot ſend a wiſh after him that means him more happineſs, and yet, I am ſure, I wiſh him as much as he wiſhes himſelf.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

From the ſame.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOtwithſtanding I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning: yet, I foreſee, it will not reach you till Wedneſday morning. And before ſet of ſun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanry. I hope, did I ſay? I recall that word, for it implies deſire: and, God knows, that is far from being the caſe. For I never part with this place but with regret, tho' I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worſt of company in the world, my own; and ſee either none beſide, or what is worſe than none, ſome of the *Arrii*, or *Seboſi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints ſo well in one of his Epiſtles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named thoſe gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleaſure of peruſing the epiſtle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am

I am ſurpriz'd to find that my Lord Bathurſt and you are parted ſo ſoon; he has been ſick, I know, of ſome late tranſactions; but ſhould that ſickneſs continue ſtill in ſome meaſure, I propheſy, it will be quite off by the beginning of November: a letter or two from his London-friends, and a ſurfeit of ſolitude will ſoon make him change his reſolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleaſure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or ſome ſuch trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, abſolutely require my attendance at Weſtminſter; where, I hope, the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candleſtic. In ſhort, I long to ſee you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at leaſt an hour ſooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that ſatisfaction. I am now, I thank God! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk ſcarce at all without crutches: And I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worſe; but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before Chriſtmas. Let me ſee you therefore while I am in a condition to reliſh you, before the days (and the nights) come, when

when I ſhall (and muſt) ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.

I will bring your ſmall volume of Paſtorals along with me, that you may not be diſcouraged from lending me books, when you find me ſo punctual in returning them. Shakeſpear ſhall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, tho'you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text: I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing ſtanding juſt as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleaſure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I ſhall ſcarce repeat that pleaſure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendſhip, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die

Your, &c.

P. S. Addiſon's works came to my hands yeſterday. I cannot but think it a very odd ſet of incidents, that the book ſhould be dedicated by a [a] dead man to [b] a dead man; and even that the new [c] patron to whom Tickell choſe to in-

[a] Mr. Addiſon. [b] Mr. Craggs. [c] Lord Warwick.

ſcribe

ſcribe his verſes, ſhould be dead alſo before they were publiſhed. Had I been in the Editor's place I ſhould have been a little apprehenſive for myſelf, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You ſee, when I am converſing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admoniſhes me once more to bid you adieu!

LETTER XI.

MY LORD, Feb. 8. 1721-2.

IT is ſo long ſince I had the pleaſure of an hour with your Lordſhip, that I ſhould begin to think myſelf no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myſelf ſo in my conſtant thoughts of you. In thoſe I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wiſh and hope one day to ſee you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went laſt to town, and was on wing for the Deanry, I heard your Lordſhip was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I ſincerely wiſh you whatever you wiſh yourſelf, and all you wiſh your friends or family. All I mean by this word

or

or two, is juſt) to tell you ſo, till in perſon I find you as I deſire, that is, find you well: eaſy, reſign'd, and happy you will make yourſelf, and (I believe) every body that converſes with you; if I may judge of your power over other mens minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over thoſe of

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PErmit me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to deſire of you a complete copy of thoſe verſes on Mr. Addiſon [n]; ſend me alſo your laſt reſolution, which ſhall punctually be obſerved in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again ſollicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the ſame anſwer as formerly. No ſmall piece of your writing has been ever ſought after ſo much: it has pleas'd every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real ſtrength lies, I hope you will

[n] An imperfect Copy was got out, very much to the Author's ſurprize, who never would give any. P.

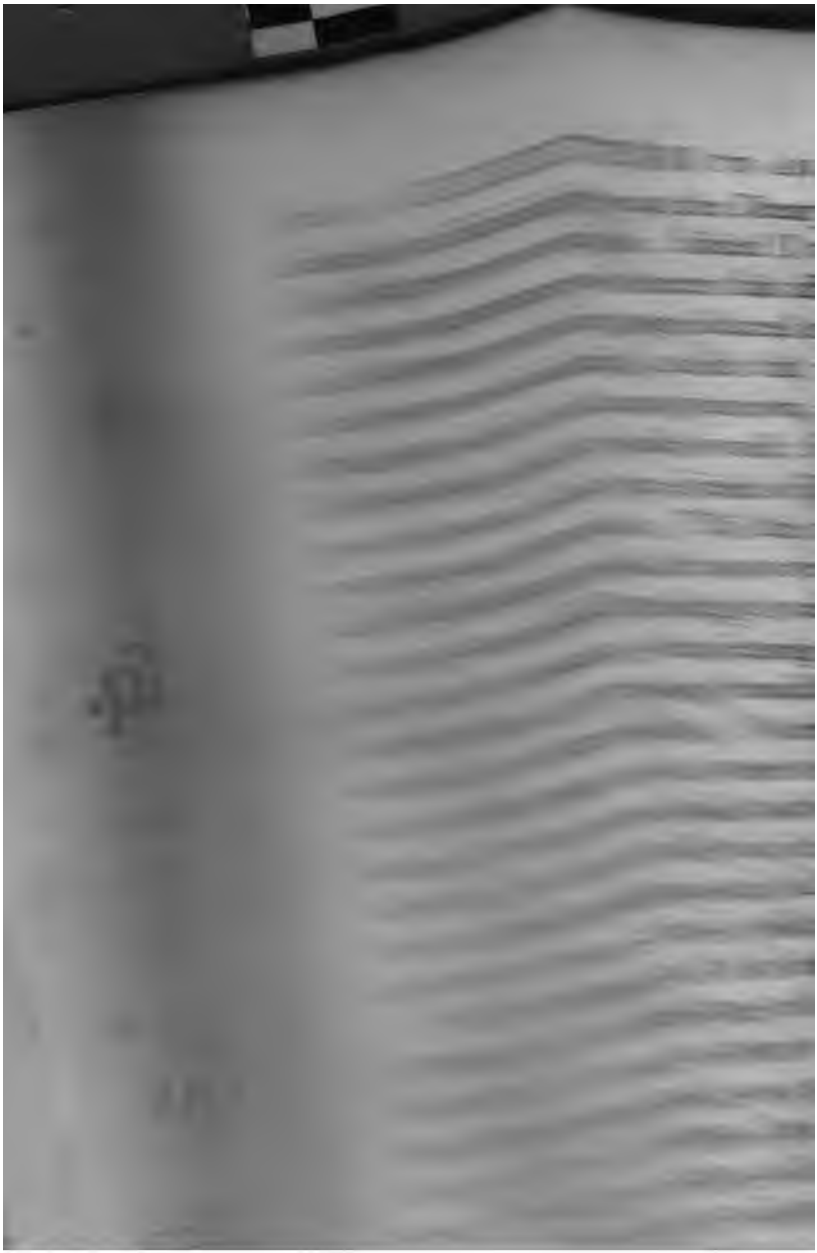
not

not ſuffer that talent to lye unemploy'd. For my part, I ſhould be ſo glad to ſee you finiſh ſomething of that kind, that I could be content to be a little ſneer'd at in a line or ſo, for the ſake of the pleaſure I ſhould have in reading the reſt. I have talk'd my ſenſe of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may ſee it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot ſay: but it pleaſes me to have an opportunity of ſhewing you how well I wiſh you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I deſire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you ſhall pleaſe to turn your pen. Not but that I have ſome little intereſt in the propoſal, as I ſhall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in ſuch different manners, and did ſuch honour to his country and language; and yet was not diſpleas'd ſometimes to read what was written by his humble ſervant.

LETTER XIII.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was diſappointed (much more than thoſe who commonly uſe that phraſe on ſuch occaſions)



let me call you ſo (and I dare ſay you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never ſhall, my veracity and integrity) I ſhall eſteem myſelf fortunate, in ſpite of the South-ſea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how ſorry I am, you ſhould be troubled a-new by any ſort of people. I heartily wiſh, *Quod ſupereſt, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the ſame: who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as fooliſhly as if I were a Great man.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a viſitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination ſoever) you are always welcome to me; and will be more ſo, I hope, every day that we live: for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myſelf, beſt when we have both of us leaſt buſineſs. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the ſtations in which I was placed: but God, that knows my heart, knows, I never lov'd it:

and

and am ſtill leſs in love with it than ever, as I find leſs temptation to act with any hope of ſucceſs. If I am good for any thing, 'tis *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been ſpent, and perhaps muſt be ſpent, far otherwiſe. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my poſt, or in any reſpect, how little ſoever I may like my employment, and how hopeleſs ſoever I may be in the diſcharge of it.

In the mean time the judicious world is pleas'd to think that I delight in work which I am oblig'd to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart deſpiſe; let them think as they will, ſo I might be at liberty to act as I will, and ſpend my time in ſuch a manner as is moſt agreeable to me. I cannot ſay I do ſo now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not uſe them to my ſatisfaction, while my mind is taken up to a more melancholy [h] manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be ſo taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly reſign myſelf in every thing.

I am, &c.

[h] In his Lady's laſt Sickneſs. P.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

MY LORD, March 19, 1721-2.

I Am extremely ſenſible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in abſence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourſelf on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is in you inſeparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a freſh inſtance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine ſeaſon will ſet you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a Mount, in a point of view to ſhew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I ſhall be in danger to boaſt, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turn'd to converſe, not with the beaſts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I ſhall take to be no great puniſhment. For indeed I heartily deſpiſe the ways of the world, and moſt of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am ſtrengthen'd in this opinion, when ſuch as your Lordſhip bear teſtimony to its vanity and emptineſs. *Tinnit, inane eſt*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the beſt thing I have the luck to remember in that great Poet Quarles (not that I forget the Devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordſhip's favourite cut, as well as favourite diverſion.)

The ſituation here is pleaſant, and the view rural enough, to humour the moſt retired, and agree with the moſt contemplative. Good air, ſolitary groves, and ſparing diet, ſufficient to make you fancy yourſelf (what you are in temperance, tho' elevated into a greater figure by your ſtation) one of the Fathers of the Deſart. Here you may think (to uſe an author's words, whom you ſo juſtly prefer to all his followers that you'll receive them kindly, tho' taken from his worſt work [a])

That in Eliab's banquet you partake,
Or ſit a gueſt with Daniel, at his Pulſe.

I am ſincerely free with you, as you deſire I ſhould, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would ſee Lord C* or

[a] The *Paradiſe Regain'd.* I ſuppoſe this was in compliment to the Biſhop. It could never be his own opinion.

any

any body elſe, I have another chariot, beſides that little one you laugh'd at when you compar'd me to Homer in a nut-ſhell. But if you would be entirely private, no body ſhall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acquieſcence, nay with more willing acquieſcence (not even any of your own Sons of the Church)

Your obedient, &c.

LETTER XVI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leiſure in the world, I have no leiſure, no ſtomach to write to you: The gradual approaches of death are before my eyes; I am convinced that it muſt be ſo; and yet make a ſhift to flatter myſelf ſometimes with the thought, that it may poſſibly be otherwiſe. And that very thought, tho' it is directly contrary to my reaſon, does for a few moments make me eaſy——however not eaſy enough in good earneſt to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not anſwer your kind letter: I ſhall anſwer it too ſoon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation.

When I do ſo, no conveniencies will be wanting: for I'll ſee no body but you and your mother, and the ſervants. Viſits to ſtateſmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) inſipid things; let the men that expect, that wiſh to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they ſhall hear of me at their doors: and when they want me, I ſhall be ſure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will deſpiſe me ſo much, and I ſhall court them ſo little, that we ſhall both of us keep our diſtance.

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be with you only; a preſident of the council, or a ſtar and garter will make no more impreſſion upon my mind, at ſuch a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the ſight of a puppet-ſhew. I have ſaid to Greatneſs ſometime ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto, Egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we ſhall all be upon the level: and I am reſolv'd, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now: for he is ſo, that neither ſeeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and leſs pride: and then I'll court them as much as any body: but till they reſolve to diſtinguiſh themſelves ſome way elſe than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are: tho' I truſt

in

in God, my pride is neither of ſo odious a nature as theirs, nor of ſo miſchievous a conſequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking---when I ſat down to write I intended only to excuſe myſelf for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I muſt diſlodge; I am preparing for it: For I am at this moment building a vault in the Abby for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abby, becauſe of my relation to the place; but 'tis at the weſt door of it: as far from Kings and Cæſars as the ſpace would admit of.

I know not but I may ſtep to town to-morrow, to ſee how the work goes forward; but, if I do, I ſhall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will coſt you nothing, and that our privilege of Franking (one of the moſt valuable we have left) is again allow'd us. Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither laſt night, the water being ſo rough that the ferry-men

were unwilling to venture. The firſt thing I ſaw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindneſs of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aſide between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wiſhes you all manner of happineſs. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleaſing impreſſion upon me that will not ſoon be effaced.

Lord * has preſs'd me terribly to ſee him at * and told me in a manner betwixt kindneſs and reſentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and muſt expect that ill health will render a good ſhare of it uſeleſs; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cheriſh'd, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the Motto of my ſun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.* I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unneceſſary avocations and amuſements. There are thoſe that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: If they perſiſt in their intentions, I muſt apply myſelf to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can.

can. But withal, that ſhall not hinder me from employing myſelf alſo in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way ſhall have their ſhare of it another; that at laſt they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myſelf, with the few (the very few) friends I like; for that is the point, the ſingle point, I now aim at; tho', I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverſe of this character belongs to me. I don't know how I have rambled into this account of myſelf; when I ſat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been ſure without my telling you, that my right hand is at eaſe; elſe I ſhould not have overflow'd at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I underſtood, becauſe it ſeems to tend towards employing me in ſomething that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourſelf, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earneſt on ſuch an occaſion than I, for I love you, as well as eſteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thruſh have been ſeverally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain, nor ſhould I yet part with you, but that

the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me reſolve to break thro' a new temptation, before it has taken too faſt hold on me. I am, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

From the ſame.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written firſt, after our parting; I will now be before-hand with you in my enquiries, how you got home and how you do, and whether you met with Lord *, and deliver'd my civil reproach to him, in the manner I deſir'd? I ſuppoſe you did not, becauſe I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head; as, I ſuppoſe, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am ſick of theſe Men of quality; and the more ſo, the oft'ner I have any buſineſs to tranſact with them. They look upon it as one of their diſtinguiſhing privileges, not to be punctual in any buſineſs, of how great importance ſoever; nor to ſet other people at eaſe, with the loſs of the leaſt part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpoſe? or how can I alter it?

I long

I long to ſee the original MS. of Milton: but don't know how to come at it, without your repeated aſſiſtance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what paſs'd in the coach about Samſon Agoniſtes. I ſhall not preſs you as to time, but ſome time or other, I wiſh you would review, and poliſh that piece. If upon a new peruſal of it (which I deſire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very ſpirit of the Ancients; it deſerves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and ſtandard of Tragic poetry---always allowing for its being a ſtory taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

July 27.

I Have been as conſtantly at Twitenham as your Lordſhip has at Bromley, ever ſince you ſaw Lord Bathurſt. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanry, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human Glory.——

The

The Ducheſs's [a] letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without diſguiſe: I muſt keep clear of Flattery; I will: and as this is an honeſt reſolution, I dare hope, your Lordſhip will not be ſo unconcern'd for my keeping it, as not to aſſiſt me in ſo doing. I beg therefore you would repreſent thus much at leaſt to her Grace, that as to the fear ſhe ſeems touch'd with, [That the Duke's memory ſhould have no advantage but what he muſt give himſelf, without being beholden to any one friend] your Lordſhip may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and Chriſtian plainneſs, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of friends in ſuch a caſe paſs for nothing. Be but ſo good as to confirm what I've repreſented to her, that an inſcription in the antient way, plain, pompous, yet modeſt, will be the moſt uncommon, and therefore the moſt diſtinguiſhing manner of doing it. And ſo, I hope, ſhe will be ſatisfied, the Duke's honour be preſerv'd, and my integrity alſo: which is too ſacred a thing to be forfeited, in conſideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) Honour or diſtinction whatever, which thoſe of their rank can beſtow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but

[a] The Ducheſs of Buckingham.

never ſo much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to ſay one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind tranſition you make from common buſineſs, to that which is the only real buſineſs of every reaſonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, tho' not ſo much as I ought. I am pleas'd with thoſe Latin verſes extremely, which are ſo very good that I thought them yours, 'till you call'd them an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *diſjecti membra poetæ*. I won't pretend I am ſo totally in thoſe ſentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: You tell me I have them, as the civilleſt method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought, firſt, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good prophane writers, eſpecially the Moraliſts, &c. before I can be worthy of taſting that ſupreme of books, and ſublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendſhip and charity toward me continue ſo far) be the beſt guide to

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Ducheſs [a] juſt as you deſir'd, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather becauſe your opinion in the caſe is ſincerely mine: and if it had not been ſo, you yourſelf ſhould not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far ſhe will acquieſce in it, I cannot ſay: eſpecially in a caſe where ſhe thinks the Duke's honour concern'd; but ſhould ſhe ſeem to perſiſt a little at preſent, her good ſenſe (which I depend upon) will afterwards ſatisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the Deanry, and, I believe, I ſhall ſtay there, till I have ſaid Duſt to duſt, and ſhut up that [b] laſt ſcene of pompous vanity.

'Tis a great while for me to ſtay there at this time of the year; and I know I ſhall often ſay to myſelf, while I am expecting the funeral,

[a] Ducheſs of Buckingham.

[b] This was the Funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Biſhop officiated as Dean of Weſtminſter, in Aug. 1722. P.

O Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

In that caſe I ſhall fancy I hear the ghoſt of the dead, thus intreating me,

At tu ſacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Oſſibus & capiti inhumato
Particulam dare ——
Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa; licebit,
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an anſwer for me ſomewhere in *Hamlet* to this requeſt, which you remember, tho' I don't. *Poor Ghoſt! thou ſhalt be ſatisfied!*— or ſomething like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me ſome amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I ſhould always, could I always be here—

Sed me
Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina: vive, valeque.

You are the firſt man I ſent to this morning, and the laſt man I deſire to converſe with this evening, tho' at twenty miles diſtance from you.

Te, veniente die, Te, decedente, requiro.

LETTER XXI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

DEAR SIR, The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I Thank you for all the inſtances of your friendſhip, both before, and ſince my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and ſeparate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world ſoever I am, I will live mindful of your ſincere kindneſs to me; and will pleaſe myſelf with the thought, that I ſtill live in your eſteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no diſtance of time, or place, will alter you in that reſpect. It never can me; who have lov'd and valued you, ever ſince I knew you, and ſhall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you ſo; as the caſe will ſoon be. Give my faithful ſervices to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he ſent me, which was much to the purpoſe, if any thing can be ſaid to be to the purpoſe, in a caſe that is already determined. Let him know my Defence will be ſuch, that neither my friends need bluſh for me, nor will my enemies have great occaſion of Triumph, tho' ſure of the Victory. I ſhall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I queſ—

I queſtion whether I ſhall be permitted to ſee him, or any body, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſſary towards the diſpatch of my private affairs. If ſo, God bleſs you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever purſue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to ſay ſomewhat about my way of ſpending my time at the Deanry, which did not ſeem calculated towards managing plots and conſpiracies. But of that I ſhall conſider---You and I have ſpent many hours together upon much pleaſanter ſubjects; and, that I may preſerve the old cuſtom, I ſhall not part with you now till I have clos'd this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily and not without ſome degree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral Tears he dropt, but wip'd them ſoon:
The world was all before him, where to chuſe
His place of reſt, and Providence *his Guide.*

LETTER XXII.

The Anſwer.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not poſſible to expreſs what I think, and what I feel; only this that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for ſome time paſt: and ſhall think of nothing ſo long for the time to come. The greateſt comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that perſon to conſent, who only could have hindered me, by a tye which, tho' it may be more tender, I do not think more ſtrong, than that of friendſhip. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely eſteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or ſecret conveyance to ſecure it; which no bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whiſper or even the wiſh of a friend muſt not be heard, or even ſuſpected: by this way, I dare tell my eſteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their ſons, may hear of it.

You

You prove yourſelf, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the higheſt concern to me: and aſſuring me, it ſhall be ſuch, that none of your friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourſelf the beſt and moſt laſting juſtice: the inſtruments of your Fame to poſterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that providence has appointed you to ſome great and uſeful work, and calls you to it this ſevere way? You may more eminently and more effectually ſerve the Public even now, than in the ſtations you have ſo honourably fill'd. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon [a]: is it not the latter, the diſgraced part of their lives, which you moſt envy, and which you would chooſe to have liv'd?

I am tenderly ſenſible of the wiſh you expreſs, that no part of your misfortune may purſue me. But, God knows, I am every day leſs and leſs fond of my native country (ſo torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to conſider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unpre-

[a] Clarendon indeed wrote his beſt works in his baniſhment: but the beſt of Bacon's were written before his diſgrace, and the beſt of Tully's after his return from exile.

pared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleaſing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully aſſure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I ſhall think oftener or better than of you. I ſhall look upon you as in a ſtate between both, in which you will have from me all the paſſions and warm wiſhes that can attend the living, and all the reſpect and tender ſenſe of loſs, that we feel for the dead. And I ſhall ever depend upon your conſtant friendſhip, kind memory, and good offices, tho' I were never to ſee or hear the effects of them: like the truſt we have in benevolent ſpirits, who, tho' we never ſee or hear them, we think, are conſtantly ſerving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wiſhing to write to you, I ſhall conclude you are intentionally doing ſo to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never ſhall ſuffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remember'd) the honour, the pleaſure, the pride I muſt ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have diſtinguiſh'd me, how cordially you have adviſ'd me! In converſation, in ſtudy, I ſhall always want you, and wiſh for you: In

my

my moſt lively, and in my moſt thoughtful hours, I ſhall equally bear about me, the impreſſions of you: And perhaps it will not be in This life only, that I ſhall have cauſe to remember and acknowledge the friendſhip of the Biſhop of Rocheſter.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

To the ſame.

May 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promis'd, and this once, I fear, will be the laſt! the Curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good-night. May you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that ſleep of the ſoul which ſome have believ'd is to ſucceed it, where we lye utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleas'd you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream of an abſent friend, or bring you back an agreeable converſation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the

future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your Studies; they will tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Poſterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life but a cenſure or critic on the paſt? Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the Chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you'll never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a Party, or a few, but all mankind. Your Genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involv'd it; to ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazled and blazed the moſt,

moſt, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed, in the nobleſt minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whoſe thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit entered into another life [a], as one juſt upon the edge of Immortality; where the paſſions and affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views, and all mean retroſpects [b]. Nothing is

[a] The Biſhop of Rocheſter went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happen'd at Paris on the fifteenth day of February in the year 1732. P.

[b] Notwithſtanding this, Mr. Pope was convinced, before the Biſhop's death, that during his baniſhment he was in the intrigues of the Pretender. Tho', when he took his laſt leave of Mr. Pope, he told him, he would allow him to ſay his ſentence was juſt, if he ever found he had any concerns with that family in his exile.

worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with eſteem and admiration.

I am with the greateſt ſincerity, and paſſion for your fame as well as happineſs,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to ſee me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, call'd upon me to ſay ſomething; and the reputation of an [a] Hiſtory which I and all the world value, muſt have ſuffered, had I continued ſilent. I have printed it here, in hopes that ſomebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithſtanding thoſe two frightening words at the cloſe of it [b]. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you ſhould have a ſight of

[a] Earl of Clarendon's.

[b] The Biſhop's Name, ſet to his Vindication of Biſhop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himſelf, from the ſcandalous Reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the Publication of Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory. Paris, 1731. 4to. ſince reprinted in England. P.

it,

it, who, I know, will read it with ſome degree of ſatisfaction, as it is mine, tho' it ſhould have (as it really has) nothing elſe to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the caſe, conſidering that within a few months I am entering into my ſeventieth year: after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wiſe, much deſire it. Whenever I go, you will loſe a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumſtances I can be ſaid to be loſt to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilſt living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himſelf in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiſs that you forebore writing, on a head wherein I promis'd more than I was able to perform. Diſgraced men fancy ſometimes, that they preſerve an influence, where when they endeavour to exert it, they ſoon ſee their miſtake. I did ſo, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You ſounded the coaſt, and found out my error, it ſeems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this ſubject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of Letters; and particularly what are you doing? *Ipſe quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agi-*

lis Thyma? Do you purſue the Moral plan you marked out, and ſeemed ſixteen months ago ſo intent upon? Am I to ſee it perfected e'er I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuſe to leave the marks of your friendſhip, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by thoſe who ſurvive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I ſhould hope to peep into the manuſcript before it was finiſhed. But alas! there is, and will ever probably be a great deal of land and ſea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I ſhould be glad to peruſe? Name them: The catalogue, I believe, will not coſt you much trouble. They muſt be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have ſo little of it left. I, who ſquandered whole days heretofore, now huſband hours when the glaſs begin to run low, and care not to miſpend them on trifles. At the end of the Lottery of Life, our laſt minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, riſe in their valuation: They are not of ſo much worth perhaps in themſelves as thoſe which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reaſon. I do ſo, my dear friend, and yet think the moſt precious minutes of my life are well employ'd, in reading what you write. But this is a ſatisfaction

I can-

I cannot much hope for, and therefore muſt betake myſelf to others leſs entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was neceſſary for me either to accept of his dirty Challenge, or to have ſuffered in the eſteem of the world by declining it.

My reſpects to your Mother; I ſend one of theſe papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My Country at this diſtance ſeems to me a ſtrange ſight, I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midſt of the ſcene, and yourſelf a part of it; I wiſh you would tell me. You may write ſafely to Mr. Morice, by the honeſt hand that conveys this, and will return into theſe parts before Chriſtmas; ſketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I ſhould not, like the Chemiſt in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, deſire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and muſt love my Country, with all its faults and blemiſhes; even that part of the conſtitution which wounded me unjuſtly, and itſelf through my ſide, ſhall ever be dear to me. My laſt wiſh ſhall be like that of father Paul, *Eſto perpetua!* and when I die at a diſtance

diſtance from it, it will be in the ſame manner as Virgil deſcribes the expiring Peloponneſian,

Sternitur,

et dulces moriens reminiſcitur Argos.

Do I ſtill live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper ſquabbles about me, and am glad to ſee ſuch free conceſſions on that head, tho' made with no view of doing me a pleaſure, but merely of loading another.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

On the Death of his Daughter.

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I Am not yet Maſter enough of myſelf, after the late wound I have receiv'd, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with leſs than that, whenever I converſe with you. My thoughts are at preſent vainly, but pleaſingly employ'd, on what I have loſt, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reaſon, to call them off to other ſubjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving

ing them the rein a little, and ſuffering them to ſpend their force, I hope in ſome time to check and ſubdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculſus, huic uni me imparem ſenſi, et pene ſuccubui.* This is weakneſs, not wiſdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be truſted to the boſom of a friend, where I may ſafely lodge all my infirmities. As ſoon as my mind is in ſome meaſure corrected and calm'd, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to ſomething of uſe and moment; if I have ſtill life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preſerving. In the mean time I ſhall be pleas'd to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any ſuch melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents, your knowledge and judgment are at the height: uſe them in writing ſomewhat that may teach the preſent and future times, and if not gain equally the applauſe of both, may yet raiſe the envy of the one, and ſecure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments, and great talents, on little men and little things; but chuſe a ſubject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which no-body elſe can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any,

are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

gelidus tardante ſenecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vires.

However, I ſhould be ingrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the ſouth of France, much more than I did at Paris: tho' even there I ſenſibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earneſt deſire of meeting One I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpelier; where after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a ſad and fruitleſs expectation, I was forced at laſt to take a long journey to Toulouſe; and even there I had miſs'd the perſon I ſought, had ſhe not, with great ſpirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to ſee me, which ſhe above all things deſired to do before ſhe died. By that means ſhe was brought where I was, between ſeven and eight in the morning, and liv'd twenty hours afterwards, which time was not loſt on either ſide, but paſs'd in ſuch a manner as gave great ſatisfaction to both, and ſuch as on her part, every way became her circumſtances and character. For ſhe had her ſenſes to the very laſt gaſp, and exerted them to give me, in thoſe few hours, greater marks of Duty and Love than ſhe had done in all her life time, tho' ſhe had never been

been wanting in either. The laſt words ſhe ſaid to me were the kindeſt of all; a reflection on the goodneſs of God, which had allow'd us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, ſhe laid herſelf on her pillow, in a ſleeping poſture,

placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and ſtill feel on this occaſion, and ſpare me the trouble of deſcribing it. At my Age, under my Infirmities, among utter Strangers, how ſhall I find out proper reliefs and ſupports? I can have none, but thoſe with which Reaſon and Religion furniſh me, and thoſe I lay hold on, and graſp as faſt as I can. I hope that He, who laid the burthen upon me (for wiſe and good purpoſes no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have born others, with ſome degree of fortitude and firmneſs.

You ſee how ready I am to relapſe into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I ſhall probably again commit the ſame fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I ſtop ſhort here, and with all ſincerity, affection, and eſteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleaſes, or elſe in another. I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. GAY,

From 1712 to 1732.

LETTER I.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

YOU writ me a very kind Letter ſome months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonſhire. That hindered my anſwering you, and I have ſince ſeveral times inquired of you, without any ſatisfaction; for ſo I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I paſt two months in Suſſex, and ſince my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no anſwer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been ſilent all this year; I believe he has been diſpleaſed at ſome or other of

of my freedoms [a], which I very innocently take, and moſt with thoſe I think moſt my friends. But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have opened to you: and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendſhips, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourſelf, which, if I had any intereſt in the world, or power with thoſe who have, I ſhould not be long without manifeſting to you. I deſire you will not, either out of modeſty, or a vicious diſtruſt of another's value for you (thoſe two eternal foes to merit) imagine that your letters and converſation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more intirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myſelf, and I have ſeen too much of thoſe qualities in you to be any thing leſs than

Your, &c.

[a] We ſee by the letters to Mr. Cromwell, that Mr. Pope was uſed to rally him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticiſm. So he loſt his two early friends, Cromwell and Wycherly, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taſte of the other.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Dec. 24, 1721.

IT has been my good fortune within this month paſt, to hear more things that have pleas'd me than (I think) almoſt in all my time beſide. But nothing upon my word has been ſo home-felt a ſatisfaction as the news you tell me of yourſelf: and you are not in the leaſt miſtaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good ſucceſs: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natur'd man can boaſt of. I may with honeſty affirm to you, that, notwithſtanding the many inconveniences and diſadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res anguſta domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing them ſome real ſervice. For after all, if we could but think a little, ſelf-love might make us philoſophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourſelves are eaſily provided for; 'tis nothing but the circumſtantials, and the Apparatus or equipage of human life, that coſts ſo much the furniſhing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horſes, and footmen, a good-natur'd man wants for his friends, or the indigent.

I ſhall

I ſhall ſee you this winter with much greater pleaſure than I could the laſt; and, I hope, as much of your time, as your attendance on the Ducheſs [b] will allow you to ſpare to any friend, will not be thought loſt upon one who is as much ſo as any man. I muſt alſo put you in mind, though you are now ſecretary to this Lady, that you are likewiſe ſecretary to nine other Ladies, and are to write ſometimes for them too. He who is forced to live wholly upon thoſe Ladies favours is indeed in as precarious a condition as any He who does what Chaucer ſays for ſuſtenance but they are very agreeable companions, like other Ladies, when a man only paſſes a night or ſo with them at his leiſure, and away. I am Your, &c.

LETTER III.

Aug. 23, 1713.

JUST as I receiv'd yours, I was ſet down to write to you, with ſome ſhame that I had ſo long deferred it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you inſiſt upon ceremony, and

[b] Ducheſs of Monmouth, to whom he was juſt then made Secretary. P.

how much a greater ſhare in your memory I have, than I deſerve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *Elegans Formarum Spectator*. I begin to diſcover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a noſe or ear, the ſmalleſt degree of light or ſhade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to diſtract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plauſible as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow (as the *Plain-Dealer* has it) but am in ſome danger even from the ugly and diſagreeable, ſince they may have their retired beauties, in one trait or other about them. You may gueſs in how uneaſy a ſtate I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more deſpicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Ducheſs of Montague, beſides half a dozen Earls, and one knight of the garter. I have crucified Chriſt over again in effigie, and made a Madona as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivall'd St. Luke himſelf in painting, and as, 'tis ſaid, an angel came and finiſh'd his piece, ſo, you would ſwear, a devil put the laſt hand to mine, 'tis ſo begrim'd and ſmutted. However,

However, I comfort myſelf with a Chriſtian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likeneſs of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worſhip them, except the Indians ſhould have a ſight of them, who, they tell us, worſhip certain idols purely for their uglineſs.

I am very much recreated and refreſhed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan* *, which, I doubt not, will delight the eye and ſenſe of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine ſhall play in the hands of poſterity. I am glad your fan is mounted ſo ſoon, but I would have you varniſh and glaze it at your leiſure, and poliſh the ſticks as much as you can. You may then cauſe it to be borne in the hands of both ſexes, no leſs in Britain, than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarine to fan himſelf cool after a debate, and a Stateſman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie.

I am, &c.

* A Poem of Mr. Gay's, ſo intitled.

LETTER IV.

DEAR MR. GAY, Sept. 23, 1714.

WElcome to your native ſoil[a]! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, bleſt with court-intereſt, the love and familiarity of the great, and fill'd with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant Whig, or a deſponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have ſtill a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worſt of times at your ſervice. If you are a Tory, or thought ſo by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavour'd to ſerve you, and whoſe politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the ſide of Liberty, I know you will be an honeſt man, and

[a] In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was ſent thither by Q. Anne. On her death they returned to England: and it was on this occaſion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

an

an inoffenſive one. Upon the whole, I know, you are incapable of being ſo much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever ſtate you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complain'd they had heard nothing from you ſince the Queen's death: I told them no man living lov'd Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him ſo every month. But they had reaſons to themſelves to alledge in your excuſe; as men who really value one another, will never want ſuch as make their friends and themſelves eaſy. The late Univerſal concern in public affairs, threw us all into a hurry of ſpirits: even I, who am more a Philoſopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Succeſſor: During your journeys I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a ſort of ſhooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verſes a day, beſides learned notes, all which are at a concluſion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feaſting: We will

feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the Ladies.) Are not the Roſalinda's of Britain as charming as the Blouſalinda's of the Hague? or have the two great Paſtoral poets of our nation renounced love at the ſame time? for Philips, immortal Philips hath deſerted, yea, and in a ruſtic manner kicked, his Roſalind. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inſeparable ever ſince you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greateſt pleaſure to us in the world. Talk not of expences: Homer ſhall ſupport his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Poſt-houſe in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill ſtate of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write ſomething on the King, or Prince, or Princeſs. On whatſoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm---I ſhall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to ſay to you, tho' they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Am extremely glad to find by a Letter of yours to Mr. Forteſcue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep as the greateſt of curioſities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a ſhort time, that I was upon the ramble moſt part of the Summer, and have concluded the ſeaſon in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I ſhall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reaſons; becauſe I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and becauſe they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myſelf. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleas'd to know he died eaſily, without a groan, or the ſickneſs of two minutes; in a word, as ſilently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, ſicque mori!

I am not in the humour to ſay gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and

me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes*. I am only ſorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wiſh you paid ſome hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffenſive perſon to me too; ſo that we may join heartily in our addreſſes to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourſelves.

I ſhould not forget to acknowledge your letter ſent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and, I find ſince, you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is ſo bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our brother Poets of theſe days.

The Ducheſs, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I can't tell who elſe, had your letters: Dr. Arbuthnot, and I expect to be treated like friends. I would ſend my ſervices to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make ſome compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if ſhe were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me ſhe

* A Poem intituled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend W. Lowndes, Eſq. Author of that celebrated treatiſe in Folio, called the* LAND-TAX BILL.

has

has much out-ſhin'd all the French ladies, as ſhe did the Engliſh before: I am ſorry for it, becauſe it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women ſhould eclipſe thoſe Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whoſe eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining ſuch fine gentlemen as you to our church.

Your, &c.

I wiſh you joy of the birth of the young prince, becauſe he is the only prince we have from whom you have had no expectations and no diſappointments.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. F---.

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world, and there is ſcarce any thing can reach me except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levell'd by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have eſcap'd: the only thing that is proof againſt it is the laurel, which, however,

ever, I take to be no great ſecurity to the brains of modern authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you, that the higheſt and moſt extravagant heap of towers in the univerſe, which is in this neighbourhood, ſtand ſtill undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been conſumed to aſhes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had periſhed! for unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſate two much more conſtant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the ſhade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-ſet man of about five and twenty, Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame age. They had paſs'd thro' the various labours of the year together, with the greateſt ſatisfaction; if ſhe milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care, to bring the cows to her hand; it was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat, and the poſie on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for ſcandal never affirmed, that they had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the

the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuſe her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus buſied, (it was on the laſt of July between two or three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a ſwoon, on a heap of barley. John, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſollicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: No anſwer being returned to thoſe who called to our Lovers, they ſtept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and then ſpied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to ſkreen her from the lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffen'd in this tender poſture. Sarah's left eye-brow was ſing'd, and there appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt: her lover was all over black, but not the

LETTER VII.

DEAR GAY, Sept. 11, 1722.

I Thank you for remembring me; I would do my beſt to forget myſelf, but that, I find, your idea is ſo cloſely connected to me, that I muſt forget both together, or neither. I am ſorry I could not have a glympſe either of you, or of the Sun (your father) before you went for Bath: But now it pleaſes me to ſee him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this ſide of the world who loves him; and that there are more men and women in the univerſe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Ducheſs. There are ladies in and about Richmond, that pretend to value him and yourſelf; and one of them at leaſt may be thought to do it without affectation, namely Mrs. Howard.

Pray conſult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Chene, to what exact pitch your belly may be ſuffer'd to ſwell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot

Live well, and fear no ſudden fate;
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis juſtice ſoon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or ſave.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flaſh that melts the ball.

that

that even pigeon-pies and hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for thoſe that have been ſent to the Biſhop of Rocheſter are open'd and prophanely pry'd into at the Tower: 'Tis the firſt time dead pigeons have been ſuſpected of carrying intelligence. To be ſerious, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be ſenſible of my concern and ſurprize at his commitment, whoſe welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myſelf a moſt unfortunate wretch: I no ſooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my eſteem to any man; but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is ſent to impriſonment like the Biſhop. God ſend him as well as I wiſh him, manifeſt him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well!

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addreſſed to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

July 13, 1722.

I Was very much pleas'd, not to ſay obliged, by your kind letter, which ſufficiently warm'd my heart to have anſwer'd it ſooner,

had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourſelf were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furniſhes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and, I aſſure you, none of them touch and grieve me ſo much as what relates to you. I think your ſentiments upon it are the very ſame I ſhould entertain: I wiſh thoſe we call great men had the ſame notions, but they are really the moſt little creatures in the world; and the moſt intereſted, in all but one point; which is, that they want judgment [c] to know their greateſt intereſt, to encourage and chuſe honeſt men for their friends.

I have not once ſeen the perſon you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apoſtle admoniſheth, one fleſh with his wife.

Pray make my ſincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a ſtronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almoſt any one of his rank.

[c] Inſtead of — *that they want judgment*, propriety of expreſſion requires he ſhould have ſaid — *there where they want judgment* —

I have

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, tho' I hope to have ſpeedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you ſomething or other in a letter, which, ſhe ſays, ſhe repents. She has as much good nature as if ſhe had never ſeen any ill-nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, inſtead of Princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Forteſcue will paſs a few days with me: we ſhall remember you in our potations, and wiſh you a fiſher with us, on my graſs plat. In the mean time we wiſh you ſucceſs as a fiſher of women at the Wells, a rejoycer of the comfortleſs and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 11, 1722.

I Think it obliging in you to deſire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worſe ſtate in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy ſo ineffectual, that I give myſelf entirely over. I wiſh your health may be ſet perfectly right by the waters,

waters; and, be aſſured, I not only wiſh that, and every thing elſe for you, as common friends wiſh, but with a zeal not uſual among thoſe we call ſo. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to ſee you, whatever accidents or amuſements have interven'd to make me do either leſs than uſual. I not only frequently think of you, but conſtantly do my beſt to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I deſire you to do the ſame for me to thoſe you are now with: do me what you think juſtice in regard to thoſe who are my friends, and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deſerved ſo little of as to be my enemies, I don't deſire you to forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment in any caſe. Let time convince thoſe who know me not, that I am an inoffenſive perſon; tho' (to ſay truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at leaſt to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or elſe I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, ſeems to forget me, I conſider I do the ſame ſeemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more ſincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and Your, &c.

LETTER X.

I Faithfully aſſure you, in the midſt of that melancholy with which I have been ſo long encompaſſed, in an hourly expectation almoſt of my Mother's death; there was no circumſtance that render'd it more inſupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to ſee you. Your own preſent eſcape from ſo imminent danger, I pray God may prove leſs precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whoſe life at beſt can be but a ſhort reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will pleaſe to grant me; for, theſe two days paſt, her moſt dangerous ſymptoms are returned upon her; and, unleſs there be a ſudden change, I muſt in a few days, if not in a few hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting proſpect before me, I know nothing that can ſo much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increaſe!) of your recovery. In the ſincerity of my Heart, I am exceſſively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like ſad occaſion, when you was here comforting me in her laſt great Illneſs. May your health augment as faſt as, I fear, hers muſt decline: I believe that would be very faſt---may the Life

that

that is added to you be paſt in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourſelf, than from any expectations or truſt in others. May you and I live together, without wiſhing more felicity or acquiſitions than Friendſhip can give and receive without obligations to Greatneſs. God keep you, and three or four more of thoſe I have known as long, that I may have ſomething worth the ſurviving my Mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my laſt letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER XI.

Sunday Night.

I Truly rejoiced to ſee your hand-writing, though I fear'd the trouble it might give you. I wiſh I had not known that you are ſtill ſo exceſſively weak. Every day for a week paſt I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to ſee you. But my Mother advances not at all, gains no ſtrength, and ſeems but

upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a Diarrhœa, that muſt, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, makes me not dare to go a day from her, leſt that ſhould prove to be her laſt. God ſend you a ſpeedy recovery, and ſuch a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you either kind, or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindneſs, I really have for you, and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very firſt, be glad to do to you. In your circumſtance the old Roman farewell is proper, *Vive memor noſtri.* Your, &c.

I ſend you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have paſs'd concerning you.

LETTER XII.

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I aſſure you it was not, and is not leſſened, by the immediate apprehenſion I have now every day lain under of loſing my Mother. Be aſſur'd, no duty leſs than that ſhould have kept me one day from attending your

your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampſtead, to be with you daily, were ſhe not ſtill in danger of death. I have conſtantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preſerve your life, and reſtore your health. I really beg it for my own ſake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, tho' I always loved you a great deal. If I am ſo unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live moſt of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the Southern part of France, may be thought uſeful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandon'd ſtate already in which I ſhall ſhortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your ſufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a Court; even any honeſt man is a better. I promiſe you my entire friendſhip in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever ſo able: the Doctor tells me all.

LETTER XIII.

I Am glad to hear of the progreſs of your recovery, and the oftner I hear it, the better, when it becomes eaſy to you to give it me. I ſo well remember the conſolation you were to me in my Mother's former illneſs, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I loſt her, I would have been no where elſe but with you during your confinement. I have now paſt five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely ſtretch their kindneſs ſo far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to viſit me: the reſt (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to ſend meſſages. I never paſſed ſo melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: Every year carries away ſomething dear with it, till we outlive all tenderneſſes, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it.

With added days if life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleaſure thro';

Some

Some Joy ſtill loſt, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more?
Is this a Birth-day?---'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former Year.

Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To the Honourable Mrs. -----

June 20.

WE cannot omit taking this occaſion to congratulate you upon the increaſe of your family, for your Cow is this morning very happily deliver'd of the better ſort, I mean a female calf; ſhe is as like her mother as ſhe can ſtare. All Knights Errants Palfreys were diſtinguiſh'd by lofty names: we ſee no reaſon why a Paſtoral Lady's ſheep and calves ſhould want names of the ſofter ſound; we have therefore given her the name of Cæſar's wife, Calfurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were ſuckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was ſuckled by a cow, from whence ſhe took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill [a]. Mrs. Suſan offered us wine upon the occaſion,

[a] Mrs. Howard's houſe.

and upon ſuch an occaſion we could not refuſe it. Our entertainment conſiſted of fleſh and fiſh, and the lettice of a greek Iſland called Cos. We have ſome thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birth-day, and on Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; becauſe we think your hall the moſt delightful room in the world except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forſwear all courts; and really it is the moſt mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; ſo we will take up with what we can get that belongs to you, and make ourſelves as happy as we can, in your houſe.

I hope we ſhall be brought into no worſe company, when you all come to Richmond: for whatever our friend Gay may wiſh as to getting into Court, I diſclaim it, and deſire to ſee nothing of the court but yourſelf, being wholly and ſolely

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

July 21.

YOU have the ſame ſhare in my memory that good things generally have; I always ow (whenever I reflect) that you ſhould be my mind; only I reflect too ſeldom. How-r, you ought to allow me the indulgence I ow all my friends (and if I did not, they uld take it) in conſideration that they have ier avocations, which may prevent the proofs their remembring me, tho' they preſerve for all the friendſhip and good-will which I de-ve from them. In like manner I expect m you, that my paſt life of twenty years y be ſet againſt the omiſſion of (perhaps) e month: and if you complain of this to any ier, 'tis you are in the ſpleen, and not I in the ong. If you think this letter ſplenetic, con-er I have juſt receiv'd the news of the death a friend, whom I eſteem'd almoſt as many urs as you; poor Fenton. He died at Eaſt-mſtead, of indolence and inactivity; let it t be your fate, but uſe exerciſe. I hope the ichеſs * will take care of you in this reſpect, d either make you gallop after her, or teize u enough at home to ſerve inſtead of exerciſe

* Of Queenſberry.

abroad.

abroad. Mrs. Howard is ſo concern'd about you, and ſo angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the ſame, that I am piqu'd with jealouſy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confeſs a proper cauſe of envy and hatred, in any Poet militant, or unpenſion'd. But to ſet matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am, as I ever was and juſt as I ever ſhall be,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 6, 1727.

I Have many years ago magnify'd in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture; "Bleſſed is he who expects nothing, for he "ſhall never be diſappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy diſmiſſion from all Court-dependance; I dare ſay I ſhall find you the better and the honeſter man for it, many years hence: very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many curſed Ceremonies, as well as of many ill, and vicious Habits, of which few or no men eſcape the,

the infection, who are hackney'd and trammelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the fools of Peers) will ſmile on you the leſs; but men of worth, and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) Liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Engliſhmen need not aſk from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the ſatisfactory conſciouſneſs of having *not* merited ſuch graces from courts as are beſtow'd only on the mean, ſervile, flattering, intereſted, and undeſerving. The only ſteps to the favour of the Great are ſuch complacencies, ſuch compliances, ſuch diſtant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their paſſions. He is their greateſt favourite, who is the falſeſt: and when a man, by ſuch vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at beſt but in a circumſtance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for ſerving their ends: So many a Miniſter has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you ſent by my Lord Grantham; I preſume you writ it not, without: and you could not have better, if I gueſs right at the perſon who

who agreed to your doing it, in reſpect to any Decency you ought to obſerve: for I take that perſon to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that perſon's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with Court-omens?---Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly ſpeech: While you are no body's ſervant, you may be any one's friend; and as ſuch I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a ſhilling, you ſhall have ſix-pence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE:

Aug. 2, 1728.

'TWAS two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter; I might indeed have done it ſooner; I thought of you every poſt-day upon that account, and every other day upon ſome account or other. I muſt beg you to give Mrs. B. my ſincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who ſeem'd

ſeem'd in the letter ſhe writ to be in high health and ſpirits. Conſidering the multiplicity of pleaſures and delights that one is over-run with in thoſe places, I wonder how any body hath health and ſpirits enough to ſupport them: I am heartily glad ſhe has, and whenever I hear ſo, I find it contributes to mine. You ſee I am not free from dependance, tho' I have leſs attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare ſtill depends upon hers. Is the widow's houſe to be diſpos'd of yet? I have not given up my pretenſions to the Dean; if it was to be parted with, I wiſh one of us had it; I hope you wiſh ſo too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wiſh the ſame, and for the very ſame reaſon that I wiſh it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertiſements in news-papers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied; and, by the indignation ſuch fellows ſhow againſt you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himſelf hath not been worſe us'd by the French. I am to tell you that the Ducheſs makes you her compliments, and is always inclin'd to like any thing you do; that Mr. Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude: and loves, not envies your performance, for we are not Dunces. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

April 18, 1730.

IF my friendſhip were as effectual as it is ſincere, you would be one of thoſe people who would be vaſtly advantaged and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd thoſe Popes who were moſt famous for Nepotiſm, 'tis a ſign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not uſual in ſuch advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extenſive bounty and goodneſs to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendſhip is ſo much leſs effectual than theirs; nay ſo utterly uſeleſs that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this diſtance, nor help the General whom I greatly love, to catch one fiſh. My only conſolation is to think you happier than myſelf, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love.) How comes it that Providence has been ſo unkind to me (who am a greater object of compaſſion than any fat man alive) that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? that I am condemn'd to live by a highway ſide, like an old Patriarch, receiving all gueſts, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

Marie ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are wrapt into the Idalian Groves, ſprinkled with roſe-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet up to the chin, with the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windſor, while you are happily baniſh'd with the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? So partial is Fortune in her diſpenſations! for I deſerved ten times more to be baniſh'd than you, and I know ſome Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I muſt not name any, who dare do ſo much for you as to ſend you their ſervices. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I ſuppoſe, to prevent or excuſe her not doing it herſelf; ſhe ſeems (for that is all I'll ſay for a courtier) to wiſh you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wiſh you well — I fancy, after all, they both do ſo.

I writ to Mr. Forteſcue, and told him the pains you took to ſee him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Iriſh evidence, but only two letters theſe four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland

always

always ſpeaks of you: he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the ſuperior carni-voracity of our friend: he plays now with the old Ducheſs, nay dines with her, after ſhe has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counſellor Bickford has hurt himſelf, and has the ſtrongeſt walking-ſtaff I ever ſaw. He intends ſpeedily to make you a viſit with it at Ameſbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Ducheſs's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Sept. 11, 1730.

I May with great truth return your ſpeech, that I think of you daily; oftener indeed than is conſiſtent with the character of a reaſonable man, who is rather to make himſelf eaſy with the things and men that are about him, than uneaſy for thoſe which he wants. And you, whoſe abſence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembred as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more bleſſed ſtate with ſpirits of a higher kind: ſuch I reckon his Grace and her Grace,

Grace, ſince their baniſhment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends will conſort or aſſociate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myſelf (ſo unworthy as a man of Twitnam ſeems, to be rank'd with ſuch rectify'd and ſublimated beings as you) as a ſeparated ſpirit too from Courts and courtly fopperies. But, I own, not altogether ſo diveſted of terrene matter, nor altogether ſo ſpiritualized, as to be worthy admiſſion to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-ſhot of reports, within the vortex of lies and cenſures. I hear ſometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reaſon and religion. I preſume theſe are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the poſt, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this diſtance; as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midſt of the Colluvies and ſink of human greatneſs at W——r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too tranſitory ſtate

at Petersham; one Lord B. who admir'd the Dutchess before she grew a Goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miseries here; I must seriously say, the loss of any one good woman is too great to be born easily: and poor Mrs. Rollinson, tho' a private woman, was such. Her husband is gone into Oxfordshire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for such is our fate, and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 1, 1730.

I Am something like the sun at this season, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to such a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more serviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Irishman) that the moon

moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't ſay this with any alluſion to my poetical capacity as a ſon of Apollo, but in my companionable one (if you'll ſuffer me to uſe a phraſe of the Earl of Clarendon's) for I ſhall ſee or be ſeen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleaſure. I not only, as Dryden finely ſays, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my ſpirits flag as a companion, and ſhall return again to where I firſt began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body (if I can) to ſome life. A friend (a woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have ſpent three or four hours a day theſe fifteen years, adviſed me to paſs more time in my ſtudies: I reflected, ſhe muſt have found ſome reaſon for this admonition, and concluded ſhe would complete all her kindneſſes to me by returning me to the employment I am fitteſt for; converſation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatify'd ſpirit, comparing your life with my ſtupid ſtate. For as to my living at Windſor with the ladies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I ſhall certainly make as little court

to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-weather friends of the ſummer are going away for London, and I ſhall ſee them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not deſire to do, i it were only for their ſakes. But we that are writers, ought to love poſterity, that poſterity may love us; and I would willingly live to ſee the children of the preſent race, merely in hope they may be a little wiſer than their Parents.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

IT is true that I write to you very ſeldom, and have no pretence of writing which ſatiſfies me, becauſe I have nothing to ſay that can give you much pleaſure: only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little conſequence to one from whoſe converſation I am cut off by ſuch accidents or engagements as ſeparate us. I continue, and ever ſhall, to wiſh you all good and happineſs: I wiſh that ſome lucky event might ſet you in a ſtate of eaſe and independency all at once! and that I might live to ſee you as happy, as this ſilly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing

ebbing apace, and my affections ſtrengthening as my age encreaſes; not that I am worſe, but better, in my health than laſt winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor ſupport to lean upon, from thoſe about me: and ſo I feel myſelf leaving the world, as faſt as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and thoſe too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or elſe ſo divided from me, that they are but like the dead whoſe remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one ſtrong deſire; all other ambitions, my perſon, education, conſtitution, religion, &c. conſpired to remove far from me. That deſire was, to fix and preſerve a few laſting, dependable friendſhips: and the accidents which have diſappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am ſunk into an idleneſs, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the reſt of mankind; I propoſe no rewards to myſelf, and why ſhould I take any ſort of pains? here I ſit and ſleep, and probably here I ſhall ſleep till I ſleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what paſſes in the buſy world with ſo little attention, that I forget it the next day: and as to the learned world, there is nothing paſſes in it. I

have no more to add, but that I am with the ſame truth as ever

Your, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Oct. 23, 1730.

YOur letter is a very kind one, but I can't ſay ſo pleaſing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your ſpirits. I wiſh the too conſtant uſe of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing phyſician of that opinion. I alſo wiſh you were not ſo totally immerſed in the country; I hope your return to Town will be a prevalent remedy againſt the evil of too much recollection. I wiſh it partly for my own ſake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be phyſicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our conſtitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum ſimilitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are ſeveral here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which

which ſeems to be bidding the town a long and laſt adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or ſeeing; the whole age ſeems reſolv'd to juſtify the Dunciad, and it may ſtand for a public Epitaph or monumental Inſcription like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people periſh'd!* There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry ſet up, to preſerve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and (like the Giants at Guildhall) ſhow the bulk and bad taſte of our anceſtors: At preſent the poor Laureat [a] and Stephen Duck ſerve for this purpoſe; a drunken ſot of a *Parſon* holds forth the emblem of *Inſpiration*, and an honeſt induſtrious *Threſher* not unaptly repreſents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltſhire has appear'd at Ameſbury, or the Ducheſs will be thought inſenſible to all bright qualities and exalted genius's, in court and country alike. But he is a harmleſs man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talk'd of at court, but it will pleaſe you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, tho' not in the ſame breath with the Threſher, as they do of me. By the way, have you ſeen or convers'd with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of Wiltſhire?

[a] Euſden.

I have read thro' his whole volume [b] with admiration of the writer; tho' not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have paſt juſt three days in London in four months, two at Windſor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excurſion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your firſt friends, who will be ſo to the laſt. Mrs. Blount deſerves your remembrance, for ſhe never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend [c].

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my ſervices: the contentment you expreſs in their company pleaſes me, tho' it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Your, &c.

[b] This was his quarto Volume, written before he had given any ſigns of thoſe extravagancies, which have ſince rendered him ſo famous. As the Court ſet up Mr. *Duck* for the rival of Mr. Pope, the City at the ſame time conſidered *Chubb*, as one who would eclipſe Locke. The modeſty of the court Poet kept him ſober in a very intoxicating ſituation, while the vanity of this new-faſhion'd Philoſopher aſſiſted his ſage admirers in turning his head.

[c] Alluding to thoſe lines in the Epiſt. *on the characters of Women.*

"With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say what can *Cloe* want?—She wants a heart.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Oct. 2, 1732.

SIR Clem. Cottrel tells me you will ſhortly come to town. We begin to want comrt in a few friends about us, while the winds hiſtle, and the waters roar. The ſun gives s a parting look, but 'tis but a cold one; we :e ready to change thoſe diſtant favours of a ofty beauty, for a groſs material fire that warms nd comforts more. I wiſh you could be here ll your family come to town: you'll live more nocently, and kill fewer harmleſs creatures, ay none, except by your proper deputy, the utcher. It is fit for conſcience ſake, that you hould come to town, and that the Ducheſs hould ſtay in the country, where no innocents f another ſpecies may ſuffer by her. I hope he never goes to church: the Duke ſhould ock you both up, and leſs harm would be done. adviſe you to make man your game, hunt and eat about here for coxcombs, and truſs up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good ccount, if you can produce them freſh, or nake them keep: and their relations will come, nd buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a ollegue, abſolute and perpetual dictator of the ſtage,

ſtage, tho' indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæſar. However ambition finds ſomething to be gratify'd with in a mere name; or elſe, God have mercy upon poor ambition! Here is a dead vacation at preſent, no politics at court, no trade in town, nothing ſtirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verſes on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loſs which to prefer; but for my own part, I like none ſo well as Mr. Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your Muſe on this occaſion. I am ſure I would do as much for the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, if ſhe deſir'd it. Several of your friends aſſure me it is expected from you: one ſhould not bear in mind, all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a Court; and therefore I am in hopes, neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of Miſcellanies is juſt publiſh'd, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and, I aſſure you, no one more than

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 7, 1732.

I Am at laſt return'd from my Somerſetſhire expedition, but ſince my return I cannot ſo much boaſt of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, ſo as to make me uneaſy and diſpirited, tho' not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excurſions we made were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful proſpects. Sir William Wyndham is at preſent amuſing himſelf with ſome real improvements, and a great many viſionary caſtles. We were often entertain'd with ſea views and ſea fiſh, and were at ſome places in the neighbourhood, among which, I was mightily pleaſed with Dunſter-Caſtle near Minehead. It ſtands upon a great eminence, and hath a proſpect of that town, with an extenſive view of the Briſtol Channel, in which are ſeen two ſmall Iſlands call'd the Steep Holms and Flat Holms, and on t'other ſide we could plainly diſtinguiſh the diviſions of fields on the Welſh coaſt. All this journey I perform'd on horſeback, and I am very

very much diſappointed that at preſent I feel myſelf ſo little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exerciſe for three months ſucceſſively, and really think I was as well without it; ſo that I begin to fear the illneſs I have ſo long and ſo often complain'd of, is inherent in my conſtitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience [a].

As to your advice about writing Panegyric, 'tis what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it ſometimes againſt my judgment and inclinations, and I heartily repent of it. And at preſent, as I have no deſire of reward, and ſee no juſt reaſon of praiſe, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any Gentleman's profeſſion. I have ſeen no verſes on theſe ſublime occaſions; ſo that I have no emulation: Let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myſelf unworthy.

I am, &c.

[a] Mr. Gay died the November following at the Duke of Queenſberry's houſe in London, aged 46 years. P.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Mr. CLELAND to Mr. GAY[a].

Decemb. 16, 1731.

I Am aſtoniſh'd at the complaints occaſion'd by a late Epiſtle to the Earl of Burlington; and I ſhould be afflicted were there the leaſt juſt ground for them. Had the writer attack'd Vice, at a time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and ſo far from being conceal'd as a Defect, that it is proclaimed with oſtentation as a Merit; I ſhould have been apprehenſive of the conſequence: Had he ſatirized Gameſters of a hundred thouſand pounds fortune, acquir'd by ſuch methods as are in daily practice, and almoſt univerſally encouraged: had he over-warmly defended the Religion of his country, againſt ſuch books as come from every preſs, are publickly vended in every ſhop, and greedily bought by almoſt every rank of men; or had he called our excellent weekly writers by the ſame names which they openly beſtow on the greateſt men in the Miniſtry, and out of the Miniſtry, for which they are all unpuniſhed, and moſt rewarded: In any of theſe caſes, in-

[a] This was written by the ſame hand that wrote the *Letter to the Publiſher*, prefixed to the Dunciad.

deed,

deed, I might have judged him too preſumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his raſhneſs.

I could not but hope better for this ſmall and modeſt Epiſtle, which attacks no one Vice whatſoever; which deals only in Folly, and not Folly in general, but a ſingle ſpecies of it; that only branch, for the oppoſite excellency to which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written muſt neceſſarily be celebrated. I fancied it might eſcape cenſure, eſpecially ſeeing how tenderly theſe Follies are treated, and really leſs accuſed than apologized for.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants Bread
The Lab'rer bears.

Is this ſuch a crime, that to impute it to a man muſt be a grievous offence? 'Tis an innocent Folly, and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes expence more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, it is but a natural one; a want of taſte. It is what the beſt good man living may be liable to. The worthieſt Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favour'd houſe, and the beſt reputed citizen be pleaſed with a vile garden. I thought (I ſay) the author had the common liberty to obſerve a defect, and to compliment

compliment a friend for a quality that diſtinguiſhes him: which I know not how any quality ſhould do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But, they ſay, the ſatire is perſonal. I thought it could not be ſo, becauſe all its reflections are on things. His reflections are not on the man, but his houſe, garden, &c. Nay, he reſpects (as one may ſay) the Perſons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and the Triton: he is only ſorry to ſee them (as he might be to ſee any of his friends) ridiculous by being in the wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy, that to ſay, a thing is Perſonal, is the ſame as to ſay, it is Injuſt, not conſidering, that nothing can be Juſt that is not perſonal. I am afraid that "all ſuch writings "and diſcourſes as touch no man, will mend "no man." The good-natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like ſatire; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reaſon, becauſe the vicious look upon folly as their frontier:

Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

No wonder thoſe who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward conſolation in removing it from themſelves as far as they can; and it is never ſo far, as when they can get it fixed on the beſt characters.

racters. No wonder thoſe who are Food for Satiriſts ſhould rail at them as creatures of prey; every beaſt born for our uſe would be ready to call a man ſo.

I know no remedy, unleſs people in our age would as little frequent the theatres, as they begin to do the churches; unleſs comedy were forſaken, ſatire ſilent, and every man left to do what ſeems good in his own eyes, as if there were no King, no Prieſt, no Poet, in Iſrael.

But I find myſelf obliged to touch a point, on which I muſt be more ſerious; it well deſerves I ſhould: I mean the malicious application of the character of Timon, which, I will boldly ſay, they would impute to the perſon the moſt different in the world from a Manhater, to the perſon whoſe taſte and encouragement of wit have often been ſhewn in the righteſt place. The author of that epiſtle muſt certainly think ſo, if he has the ſame opinion of his own merit as authors generally have; for he has been diſtinguiſhed by this very perſon.

Why, in God's name, muſt a Portrait, apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his noſe or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beſeech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very

well; but muſt the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemiſh?

Could there be a more melancholy inſtance how much the taſte of the public is vitiated, and turns the moſt ſalutary and ſeaſonable phyſic into poiſon, than if amidſt the blaze of a thouſand bright qualities in a great man, they ſhould only remark there is a ſhadow about him; as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any ſuch to one, whoſe whole life (to uſe his own expreſſion in print of him) is a *continued ſeries* of *good* and *generous actions*.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the leaſt pain or offence to any innocent perſon; and none who would be leſs concerned, if the ſatire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim at. If ever that happens, I dare engage, he will own it, with all the freedom of one whoſe cenſures are juſt, and who ſets his name to them.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD, March 7, 1731.

THE clamour rais'd about my Epiſtle to you, could not give me ſo much pain, as I receiv'd pleaſure in ſeeing the general zeal of the world in the cauſe of a Great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordſhip in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deſerv'd this from you; for as I had the honour to be your Friend, I could not treat you quite like a Poet: but ſure the writer deſerv'd more candor, even from thoſe who knew him not, than to promote a report, which in regard to that noble perſon, was impertinent; in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great cauſe to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty ſhould be applied to one; ſince, by that means, nineteen would eſcape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble perſon's opinion in this affair, to trouble the public about it. But ſince Malice and Miſtake are ſo long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief,

belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conſcious, as, I fear, ſome of theirs muſt be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the Injury done to me, while his greatneſs of mind can bear with indifference the inſult offer'd to himſelf [a].

However, my Lord, I own, that critics of this ſort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That would be making the Town a compliment which, I think, it deſerves; and which ſome, I am ſure, would take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as ſlander rais'd by fools of the loweſt rank, can find any countenance from thoſe of a higher. Even from the conduct ſhewn on this occaſion, I have learnt there are ſome who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be ſafer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet poſſeſſion of their Idols, their Groves, and their High-places; and change my ſubject from their pride to their meanneſs, from their vanities to their miſeries: and as the only certain way to avoid miſconſtructions to leſſen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in

[a] Alludes to the letter the Duke of Ch* wrote to Mr. Pope on this occaſion. P.

my next, make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious ones. I am,

My Lord,

Your moſt Affectionate, &c.

LETTER XXVII[b].

Cirenceſter.

IT is a true ſaying, that misfortunes alone prove one's friendſhips; they ſhow us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know ourſelves any otherwiſe. I feel my being forced to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to thoſe I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not uſually got the better of my tenderneſſes and affections. I ſet out with a heavy heart, wiſhing I had done this thing the laſt ſeaſon; for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the moſt, my Mother's death (eſpecially ſhould it happen while I am away.) And another Reflection pains me, that I have never, ſince I knew you, been ſo long ſeparated from you, as I now muſt be. Methinks we live to be more and more ſtrangers, and every year teaches you to live without me:

[b] To Mrs. B.

This

This abſence may, I fear, make my return leſs welcome and leſs wanted to you, than once it ſeem'd, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reaſon to diminiſh friendſhip, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal diſorder'd me, notwithſtanding my reſting place at Lord Bathurſt's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in ſpirits all day long: I rejoice to ſee him ſo. It is a right diſtinction, that I am happier in ſeeing my friends ſo many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleaſures, than I can be in ſharing either with them: for in theſe ſort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a ſtronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myſelf. The worſt is, that reading and writing, which I have ſtill the greateſt reliſh for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preſerve the good opinion of one or two friends, to ſuch a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weakneſſes, I will not complain of life: And if I could live to ſee you conſult your eaſe and quiet, by becoming independent on thoſe who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleaſanter than the former, or preſent. My uneaſineſſes of body I can bear;

my chief uneaſineſs of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *eaſy* and *beloved* (which is all the happineſs one needs to wiſh in this world) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to loſe that temper by ſacrificing yourſelf to others, out of a miſtaken tenderneſs, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you muſt do ſoon, or it will be too late: Habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L--- to live out of a Court.

You muſt excuſe me for obſerving what I think any defect in you: You grow too indolent, and give things up too eaſily: which would be otherwiſe, when you found and felt yourſelf your own: Spirits would come in, as ill-uſage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppreſſion, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *Humour*, nor your own *Senſe*.

You can't conceive how much you would find reſolution riſe, and chearfulneſs grow upon you, if you'd once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes acroſs me, and therefore excuſe my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I diſſemble half that I think of you: Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII[a].

YOUR letter dated at nine a clock on Tueſday (night, as I ſuppoſe) has ſunk me quite. Yeſterday I hoped; and yeſterday I ſent you a line or two for our poor Friend Gay, inclos'd in a few words to you; about twelve or one a clock you ſhould have had it. I am troubled about that, tho' the preſent cauſe of our trouble be ſo much greater[b]. Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty ſhare with Mrs. Howard, who has loſt a man of a moſt honeſt heart; ſo honeſt an one, that I wiſh her Maſter had none leſs honeſt about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promiſe it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the paſt. Let us comfort one another, and, if poſſible, ſtudy to add as much more friendſhip to each other, as death has deprived us of in him: I promiſe you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deſerve more and more of yours.

I purpoſely avoid ſaying more. The ſubject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or eaſe by

[a] To the ſame.

[b] Mr. Gay's death, which happen'd in Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queenſberry's houſe in London, aged 46. P.

reaſon or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So will the death of my Mother be! which now I tremble at, now reſign to, now bring cloſe to me, now ſet farther off: Every day alters, turns me about, and confuſes my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous diſtemper is again return'd, her fever coming onward again, tho' leſs in pain; for which laſt however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a Pleaſure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have ſo long lived with, or of one I have ſo long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the laſt we uſually think of, tho' the only one we ſhould in wiſdom depend upon, in ſuch a diſappointing place as this. I ſit in her room, and ſhe is always preſent before me, but when I ſleep. I wonder I am ſo well: I have ſhed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things ſee you, and think it would comfort you to ſee me ſo equal-temper'd and ſo quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and ſhe know nothing of it, for ſhe dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, leſt it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel had time, I wiſh he were your companion hither.

hither. Be as much as you can with each other: Be aſſur'd I love you both, and be farther aſſur'd, that friendſhip will encreaſe as I live on.

LETTER XXIX.

To HUGH BETHEL, Eſq;

July 12, 1723.

I Aſſure you unfeignedly any memorial of your good-nature and friendlineſs is moſt welcome to me, who knew thoſe tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and profeſſions, which moſt people only give that they may receive; and is at beſt a commerce of Vanity, if not of Falſehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the ſort of good offices you offer: but if I did want them, I ſhould not think myſelf unhappy in receiving them at your hands: this really is ſome compliment, for I would rather moſt men did me a ſmall injury, than a kindneſs. I know your humanity, and, allow me to ſay, I love and value you for it: 'Tis a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I ſee the world ſo fond of: They generally admire in the wrong place, and generally moſt admire the things they don't comprehend,

or

or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleaſure or advantage from wit which they ſeldom taſte, or learning which they ſeldom underſtand: much leſs from the quality, high birth, or ſhining circumſtances of thoſe to whom they profeſs eſteem, and who will always remember how much they are their Inferiors. But Humanity and ſociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and ſtill wants more the longer he lives, and moſt the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a ditch or on a terras; we ſhould walk in the common way, where others are continually paſſing on the ſame level, to make the journey of life ſupportable by bearing one another company in the ſame circumſtances.---Let me know how I may convey over the Odyſſes for your amuſement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with thoſe of Ulyſſes: I am ſure yours are undertaken upon a more diſintereſted, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without ſaving a friend.

There is lately printed a book [a] wherein all human virtue is reduced to one teſt, that of

[a] Mr. Wollaſton's book of *the Religion of Nature delineated.* The Queen was fond of it, and that made the reading, and the talking of it, faſhionable.

Truth,

Truth, and branch'd out in every inſtance of our duty to God and man. If you have not ſeen it, you muſt, and I will ſend it together with the Odyſſey. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the leaſt of. They make as much ado about *truth*, ſince this book appear'd, as they did about *health* when Dr. Cheyne's came out; and will doubtleſs be as conſtant in the purſuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

To the ſame.

Aug. 9, 1726.

I Never am unmindful of thoſe I think ſo well of as yourſelf; their number is not ſo great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For tho' my houſe is like the houſe of a Patriarch of old, ſtanding by the highway ſide and receiving all travellers, nevertheleſs I ſeldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief buſineſs is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amuſements, and all the ſilly things which mankind would

would fain make pleaſures of, when in truth they are labour and ſorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of C. as on the fate of a mortal man: Eſteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his laſt period, tho' the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his courſe. He certainly knew himſelf beſt at laſt, and knew beſt the little value of others, whoſe neglect of him, whom they ſo groſly follow'd and flatter'd in the former ſcene of his life, ſhew'd them as worthleſs as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worſt enemies believ'd of him: For my own part, I am ſorry for his death, and wiſh he had lived long enough to ſee ſo much of the faithleſſneſs of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing ſuch wretches as he muſt have found it to be compos'd of.

Tho' you could have no great value for this Great man, yet acquaintance itſelf, the cuſtom of ſeeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wiſh at leaſt for his being above ground, and a degree of uneaſineſs at his removal. 'Tis the loſs of an object familiar to us: I ſhould hardly care to have an old poſt pull'd up, that I remember'd

ber'd ever ſince I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the caſe of ſuch as were not the beſt of their Species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more importtant motive for our concern and compaſſion. To ſay the truth, either in the caſe of death or life, almoſt every body and every thing is a cauſe or object for humanity, even proſperity itſelf, and health itſelf; ſo many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am ſorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you don't name the perſon. But I conclude it is one of thoſe to whoſe houſes, you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is ſo ſtrong as when any one is in diſtreſs, or in want of your aſſiſtance: The ſtrongeſt proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loſs of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good nature will ſuffer on theſe occaſions; but a good mind rewards its own ſufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as poſſible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis*---I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to ſtay out my leaſe: for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an

Inn at Twitenham, as long as I am Hoſt of it: if not, I would take up freely with any Inn of yours.---Adieu, dear Sir: Let us while away this life: and (if we can) meet in another.

LETTER XXXI.

To the ſame.

June 24, 1727.

YOU are too humane and conſiderate, (things few people can be charged with.) Do not ſay you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing ſometimes to you, than thinking of you. I know the world too well, not to value you who are an example of acting, living, and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my Mother's unexpected recovery, tho' my hope can riſe no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the ſmall addition of a few days to the many ſhe has already ſeen. Yet ſo ſhort and tranſitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or ſhine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing elſe that will live for me, or conſume itſelf in my ſervice. But I would have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her: Gratitude is a cheap

cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it coſts us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good, than ever I can pay, or ſhe at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquility of the mind ought to be diſturbed for many things in this world: but thoſe offices that are neceſſary duties either to our friends or ourſelves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and eaſe of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the higheſt pleaſure; and thoſe who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themſelves ever ſo dearly. At the ſame time it muſt be own'd, one meets with cruel diſappointments in ſeeing ſo often the beſt endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is moſt cruel of all) thro' their own means [a]. But ſtill, I affirm, thoſe very diſappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleaſures, than the utmoſt gratifications and ſucceſſes of a mere ſelf-lover.

The great and ſudden event which has juſt now happened [b], puts the whole world (I mean

[a] See Letter XXVII from Cirenceſter.

[b] The death of K. George the Firſt, which happened the 11th of June, 1727.

this

this whole world) into a new ſtate: The only uſe I have, ſhall, or wiſh to make of it, is to obſerve the diſparity of men from themſelves in a week's time: the deſultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new meaſures; and that ſtrange ſpirit and life, with which men broken and diſappointed reſume their hopes, their ſolicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while as a Philoſopher, to be buſy in theſe obſervations, and to come hither to ſee the fury and buſtle of the Bees this hot ſeaſon, without coming ſo near as to be ſtung by them.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

To the ſame.

June 17, 1728.

AFter the publiſhing of my Boyiſh Letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I ſhould forſwear writing a letter again while I live; ſince I do not correſpond with a friend upon the terms of any other free ſubject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be ſilent, or reſerved; and, I am ſure, my opinion of your heart is ſuch, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world ſhould

ſhould know. I could publiſh my own heart too, I will venture to ſay, for any miſchief or malice there is in it: but a little too much folly or weakneſs might (I fear) appear, to make ſuch a ſpectacle either inſtructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to ſecure me from the like uſage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preſerved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happineſs of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myſelf to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a viſit to London: Curioſity and the love of Diſſipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor ſorry for it, but I am very ſorry for thoſe who have nothing elſe to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have ſmall hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to pleaſe a world not very candid or deſerving. If I can preſerve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, conſidering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are ſo willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the ſoft ſen-

ſations, the greateſt pleaſure is to give and receive mutual Truſt. It is by Belief and firm Hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taſte, amidſt the Inſipid, the Diſagreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-ſweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleaſures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be reliſh'd long: and vivacity in ſome caſes is worſe than dulneſs. Therefore indeed for many years I have not choſen my companions for any of the qualities in faſhion, but almoſt intirely for that which is the moſt out-of-faſhion, ſincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too, for next to poſſeſſing the beſt of qualities is the eſteeming and diſtinguiſhing thoſe who poſſeſs it. I truly love and value you, and ſo I ſtop ſhort.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD, Aug. 24, 1728.

I Preſume you may before this time be returned, from the contemplation of many Beauties, animal and vegetable, in Gardens; and

and poſſibly ſome rational, in Ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have ſeen will only contribute to it. I am not ſo fond of making compliments to Ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would ſay there are ſome very reaſonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at leaſt half the year almoſt as much your own maſter as I am mine the whole year: and with all the diſadvantageous incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour, as meer a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he who never had Titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the laſt of theſe glorious appellations to the ſtyle of a Lord degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him Labourer: *Agricultura*, ſays Tully, *proxima Sapientiæ*, which is more than can be ſaid, by moſt modern Nobility, of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima Stultitiæ*. The Great Turk, you know, is often a Gardener, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my Lord) ſome circumſtances in which you would reſemble the Great Turk? The two Paradiſes are not ill connected, of Gardens and Gallantry; and ſome there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they

are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Muſſelmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at Southampton; and our Miniſters, I dare ſay, have leſs to do. Our weekly hiſtories are only full of the feaſts given to the Queen and Royal Family by their ſervants, and the long and laborious walks her majeſty takes every morning. Yet if the graver Hiſtorians hereafter ſhall be ſilent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotical may make poſterity ſome amends, by being furniſhed with the gallantries of the Great at home; and 'tis ſome comfort, that if the Men of the next age do not read of us, the Women may.

From the time you have been abſent, I've not been to wait on a certain great man, thro' modeſty, thro' idleneſs, and thro' reſpect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man will as ſoon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me, my Lord, yours.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

I Muſt confeſs that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curioſity. I went thither to ſee what I had ſeen, and what I was ſure to like.

I had the idea of thoſe gardens ſo fix'd in my imagination by many deſcriptions, that nothing ſurprized me; Immenſity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me uſe this expreſſion: I confeſs the ſtately Sachariſſa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the ſubject, and wonder at your miſtake: why will you imagine women inſenſible to Praiſe, much leſs to yours? I have ſeen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am ſure the Farmereſs at Bevis in her higheſt mortifications, in the middle of her Lent[a], would feel emotions of vanity, if ſhe knew you gave her the character of a reaſonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another miſtake, which hinder'd me ſhowing your letter to

[a] The Counteſs of Peterborow, a Roman-catholic.

a friend; when you join two ladies in the ſame compliment, tho' you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would pleaſe neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more diſpoſed to criticiſe your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without Politics? With politics indeed the Richlieu's and ſuch folks have brought about great things in former days; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy, in our times, can make ten Treaties in a year, and ſecure everlaſting Peace?

I can no longer diſagree with you, tho' in jeſt. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your Eſteem of that moſt noble title, Loiterer. If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Lazineſs: No man ſure could blame my choice of ſuch a Deity, who conſiders, that, when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with ſome wiſe man able to undo my labours.

Your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

YOU were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to anſwer my laſt. I always underſtood, like a true controvertiſt, that to anſwer is only to cavil and quarrel: however, I forgive you; you did it (as all Polemics do) to ſhew your parts. Elſe was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men: but ſince you certainly love them better, why are you ſo uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surely one Lady may allow another to have the thing ſhe herſelf leaſt values, Reaſon, when Beauty is unconteſted. Venus herſelf could allow Minerva to be Goddeſs of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herſelf thought) on a better account. I do ſay, that Lady P* is a reaſonable woman; and, I think, ſhe will not take it amiſs, if I ſhould inſiſt upon eſteeming her, inſtead of Toaſting her, like a ſilly thing I could name, who is the Venus of theſe days. I ſee you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reaſonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have ſhown your letter to one who will take it candidly.

But, for God's ſake, what have you ſaid about Politicians? you made me a great compliment in the truſt you repoſed in my prudence, or what miſchief might not I have done you with ſome that affect that denomination? Your Lordſhip might as ſafely have ſpoken of Heroes. What a bluſter would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puff'd againſt Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whipp'd the ſeas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearſal.

I'll give him flaſh for flaſh ---
I'll give him daſh for daſh ---

But all now is ſafe; the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy, and Halcyon-days are the word.

I hope, my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raiſe your envy to find all the Muſes employed in celebrating a Royal work[a], which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four Wits into any hole in your Garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and Weſtminſter. I think, Swift, Gay, and I could undertake it, if you don't think our Heads too expenſive: but the ſame hand that

[a] The Hermitage.

did

did the others, will do them as cheap. If all elſe ſhould fail, you are ſure at leaſt of the head, hand, and heart of your ſervant.

Why ſhould you fear any diſagreeable news to reach us at Mount Bevis? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs we never knew a deader ſeaſon: 'tis all ſilent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they ſay, 'tis ſometimes ſo juſt before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we obſerve the wiſe neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears? Or if you, my Lord, ſhould be prick'd on by any old-faſhion'd notions of Honour and Romance, and think it neceſſary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion; meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great-Britain is concern'd; and will contribute to empty the largeſt bowl of punch that ſhall be rigg'd out on ſuch an occaſion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many Years attend you, as may be happy and honourable!

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

YOU muſt receive my letters with a juſt impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I ſink grievouſly with the weather-glaſs, and am quite ſpiritleſs when oppreſs'd with the thoughts of a Birth-day or a Return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful lazineſs, and being much out of order, keep me in the country; however, if alive, I muſt make my appearance at the Birth-day. Where you ſhowed one letter you may ſhew the other; ſhe that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuſe, where a ſin of Omiſſion, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial ſin.

I conſent you ſhall call me polemic, or aſſociate me to any ſect or Corporation, provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues or to the Pacific Politicians of the preſent age. I have read over [a] Barkley in vain, and find, after a ſtroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring myſelf to, is to bear mortification from the Fair ſex with patience.

[a] Barkley's apology for the Quakers. P.

You

You ſeem to think it vexatious that I ſhall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praiſe, or love. If I diſpute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict againſt me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you muſt not think of women in a reaſonable way: you know we always make Goddeſſes of thoſe we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we muſt lay aſide Reaſon in what relates to the Deity?

'Tis well the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy: 'tis well to lay in antidotes of ſoft rhyme, againſt the rough proſe they may chance to meet with at Weſtminſter. I ſhould have been glad of any thing of Swift's: pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way, as himſelf. Yours.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the ſame.

WHenever you apply as a good Papiſt to your female Mediatrix, you are ſure of ſucceſs; but there is not a full aſſurance of your entire

entire ſubmiſſion to Mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, ſhe will correſpond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the ſide of my wheelbarrow: ſurely ſuch letters might eſcape examination.

Your Idea of the Golden Age is, that every ſhepherd might pipe where he pleaſed. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wiſhes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleaſed.

Oh how I wiſh, to myſelf and my friends, a freedom which Fate ſeldom allows, and which we often refuſe ourſelves! why is our Shepherdeſs [b] in voluntary ſlavery? why muſt our Dean ſubmit to the Colour of his coat, and live abſent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I ſeldom venture to give accounts of my journeys before-hand, becauſe I take reſolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be ſprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of Corruption.

Your, &c.

[b] Mrs. H.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.
From the ſame.

1732.

I Am under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount, and muſt ſignify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correſpondence with the ſaid Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this proteſtant land, moſt eſpecially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can ſucceed or come to a happy iſſue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be remitted unto him.

For tho' I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conſcience; every one muſt confeſs, that gratification and corruption are two diſtinct terms; nay at worſt many good men hold, that for a good end, ſome very naughty meaſures may be made uſe of.

But, Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to myſelf, becauſe, I know, you wiſh me well; I am cur'd of ſome diſeaſes in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was

I was poſſeſs'd with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for Truth [a], and a ſaucy love for my Country.

When a Chriſtian Prieſt preached againſt the Spirit of the Goſpel, when an Engliſh Judge determined againſt Magna Charta, when the Miniſter acted againſt Common Senſe, I uſed to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myſelf in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myſelf in a condition beyond expectation: it being evident from a late Parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the Tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroic diſpoſition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuſe the Engliſhman of want of ſpirit: I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace. *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be ſo corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your, &c.

[a] As may be ſeen from his tranſactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to the E. of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I Never knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile, and ſo fix'd as your Lordſhip: You, while your imaginaion is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and in all the ſcenes you have paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you; for being the moſt inſignificant of all your old humble ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciouſneſs of Fortune in regard to your Lordſhip. She hath forced Courts to act againſt their oldeſt, and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a General becauſe you had courage and conduct; an Ambaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom and knowledge in the intereſts of Europe; and an

Admiral on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the uſual method of Court proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin laments that he did not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's Miniſtry us'd to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is ſo with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no houſe. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleaſure in this ſcoundrel country, of going about, and ſhewing my depending Parſons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

To * * * * *[a].

Sept. 13.

I Believe you are by this time immers'd in your vaſt Wood; and one may addreſs to you as to a very abſtracted perſon, like Alexander Selkirk, or the[n] Self-taught Philoſopher. I ſhould be very curious to know what ſort of contemplations employ you. I remember the latter of thoſe I mention'd, gave himſelf up to a devout exerciſe of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celeſtial bodies. I don't think it at all impoſſible that Mr. L* may be far advanced in that exerciſe, by frequent turns towards the ſeveral aſpects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleaſed to direct him in ſearch of proſpects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are tamed by being whirl'd about; and doubtleſs come not to deſpiſe the meaneſt ſhrubs or coppice-wood, tho' naturally he ſeems more inclined to admire God, in his greater works, the tall timber: for, as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricæ.* I wiſh myſelf with you both,

[a] Lord Bathurſt.
[b] The title of an Arabic Treatiſe of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan.

whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or ſmooth conſent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans in the evening. In that laſt article, I am of opinion your Lordſhip has a loſs of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquieſced at night in the beſt concluſion of which human Reaſon ſeems capable in all great matters, to fall faſt aſleep! And ſo we ended, unleſs immediate Revelation (which ever muſt overcome human reaſon) ſuggeſted ſome new lights to us, by a Viſion in bed. But laying aſide Theory, I am told, you are going directly to Practice. Alas, what a Fall will that be? A new Building is like a new Church; when once it is ſet up, you muſt maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniencies; then ceaſe the pleaſant luminous days of inſpiration, and there is an end of miracles at once!

That this Letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the reſt with an account of a conſultation lately held in my neighbourhood about deſigning a princely garden. Several Critics were of ſeveral opinions: One declar'd he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (ſaid he) of gardening is, that it is only ſweeping Nature [h]: Another told them that Gravel walks were not of a good taſte, for all the fineſt

[h] An expreſſion of Sir T. H.

abroad

abroad were of looſe ſand: A third advis'd peremptorily there ſhould not be one Lyme-tree in the whole plantation: A fourth made the ſame excluſive clauſe extend to Horſe-cheſnuts, which he affirmed not to be Trees, but Weeds: Dutch Elms were condemn'd by a fifth; and thus about half the trees were proſcribed, contrary to the Paradiſe of God's own planting, which is expreſly ſaid to be planted with *all trees*. There were ſome who could not bear Ever-greens, and call'd them Never-greens; ſome, who were angry at them only when cut into ſhapes, and gave the modern Gardeners the name of Ever-green Taylors; ſome, who had no diſlike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Foreſt-trees; and ſome who were in a paſſion againſt any thing in ſhape, even againſt clipt hedges, which they call'd green walls. Theſe (my Lord) are our Men of Taſte, who pretend to prove it by taſting little or nothing. Sure ſuch a Taſte is like ſuch a ſtomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the ſame ſort of Critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing but Heroics, another cannot reliſh Tragedies, another hates Paſtorals, all little Wits delight in Epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the ſame in Divinity; where many leading Critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave

the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly furniſh'd, or very oddly trimm'd.

I have lately been with my Lord * who is a zealous yet a charitable Planter, and has ſo bad a Taſte, as to like all that is good. He has a diſpoſition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and, if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of ſeeing your Lordſhip with the delight I always ſee you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wiſh for you.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLI.

To Mr. C------.

Sept. 2, 1732.

I Aſſure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permiſſion you now give me, to be plain and unreſerved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long ſince; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature,

nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you gueſs; I could not eſteem your conduct, to an object of miſery ſo near you as Mrs. ---, and I have often hinted it to yourſelf: The truth is, I cannot yet eſteem it for any reaſon I am able to ſee. But this I promiſe, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cauſe of complaint, for the unhappy Lady gives me now no farther pain; ſhe is no longer an object either of yours or my compaſſion; the hardſhips done her, are lodg'd in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the perſons concern'd in occaſioning them.

As for the interruption of our Correſpondence, I am ſorry you ſeem to put the Teſt of my friendſhip upon that, becauſe it is what I am diſqualified from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I'll name you the obſtacles which I can't ſurmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes; and one yet ſtronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be, of expreſsing my reſpect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns, to my private friends; I hardly dare while there are Curlls in the world. If you pleaſe to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the

avarice of mercenary Bookſellers, or the ſilly curioſity of people in general; you'll confeſs I have ſmall reaſon to indulge correſpondencies: in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abſtracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wiſh my friends would ſend me back thoſe forfeitures of my diſcretion, commit to my juſtice what I truſted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end thoſe trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amuſement, but to me may prove a diſcredit as laſting and extenſive, as the aforeſaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary ſcribblers, or curious ſimpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not anſwering your queſtion about ſome Party-papers, and their authors. This indeed I could not tell you, becauſe I never was, or will be privy to ſuch papers: And if by accident, thro' my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they conceal'd; I ſhould certainly never be the Reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-houſe, I have often wiſh'd it; it was my compliance to a ſuperior duty that hinder'd me, and one which you are too good a Chriſtian to

wiſh

wiſh I ſhould have broken, having never ventur'd to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for ſuch a journey.

Upon the whole, I muſt acquit myſelf of any act or thought, in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as ſo long and obliging an acquaintance and correſpondent. I am ſure I have all the good wiſhes for yourſelf and your family, that become a friend: There is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I ſhould not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be aſſured, I am in diſpoſition and will, tho' not ſo much as I would be in teſtimonies or writing,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLII.

To Mr. RICHARDSON.

Jan. 13, 1732.

I Have at laſt got my Mother ſo well, as to allow myſelf to be abſent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propoſe to you to em-

ploy it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey call'd imploying the pencil, the prayer of a painter, and affirmed it to be his proper way of ſerving God, by the talent he gave him. I am ſure, in this inſtance, it is ſerving your friend; and, you know, we are allowed to do that (nay even to help a neighbour's ox or aſs) on the ſabbath: which tho' it may ſeem a general precept, yet in one ſenſe particularly applies to you, who have help'd many a human ox, and many a human aſs, to the likeneſs of man, not to ſay of God.

Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wiſhes for yourſelf and your family (the happineſs of which tyes I know by experience, and have learn'd to value from the late danger of loſing the beſt of mine)

Your, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

To the ſame.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know, you and I mutually deſire to ſee one another, I hoped that this day our wiſhes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reaſon which poſſibly might hinder

hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead *. I thank God, her death was as eaſy, as her life was innocent; and as it coſt her not a groan, or even a ſigh, there is yet upon her countenance ſuch an expreſſion of Tranquillity, nay, almoſt of Pleaſure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the fineſt Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it would be the greateſt obligation which even That obliging Art could ever beſtow on a friend, if you could come and ſketch it for me. I am ſure, if there be no very prevalent obſtacle, you will leave any common buſineſs to do this: and I hope to ſee you this evening as late as you will, or to morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this---I could not (at this time) have written at all--Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your, &c.

* Mrs. Pope died the ſeventh of June, 1733, aged 93.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

To the ſame.

IT is hardly poſſible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me, in giving me another friend, ſo much the ſame! and which (alas for mortality!) will out-laſt the other. Poſterity will, thro' your means, ſee the man whom it will for ages honour [a], vindicate, and applaud, when envy is no more, and when (as I have already ſaid in the Eſſay to which you are ſo partial)

The ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were his foes.

That Eſſay has many faults, but the poem you ſent me has but one, and that I can eaſily forgive. Yet I would not have it printed for the world, and yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither---but all in good time. I'm glad you publiſh your Milton. B---ly will be angry at you, and at me too ſhortly for what I could not help, a Satyrical Poem on Verbal Criticiſm by Mr. Mallet, which he has inſcrib-

[a] Lord Bolingbroke.

ed

ed to me, but the poem itſelf is good (another cauſe of anger to any Critic.) As for myſelf, I reſolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral courſe, taking no ſort of notice of man's anger, or woman's ſcandal, with Virtue in my eyes, and Truth upon my tongue. Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

To Mr. BETHEL.

Aug. 9, 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendſhip and ſincere eſteem were to be meaſured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without ſaying ſomething of my own condition, and of my loſs of ſo old and ſo deſerving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I muſt have kept a ſilence upon that head, which would not have ſuited that freedom and ſincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneaſy to me ſtill, and I am therefore wandering about all this ſummer. I was but four days at Twickenham ſince the occaſion

occaſion that made it ſo melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Eſſex, and am now at Dawley (whoſe maſter is your ſervant) and going to Cirenceſter to Lord Bathurſt. I ſhall alſo ſee Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The Court and Twit'nam I ſhall forſake together. I wiſh I did not leave our friend [a], who deſerves more quiet, and more health and happineſs, than can be found in ſuch a family. The reſt of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the Park, as if he were in Paradiſe. I heartily hope, Yorkſhire is the ſame to you; and that no evil, moral or phyſical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leiſure, and no other care but to finiſh my Eſſay on Man: There will be in it one line that may offend you (I fear) and yet I will not alter or omit it, unleſs you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myſelf the greateſt pleaſure I am capable of receiving, becauſe another may have the modeſty not to ſhare it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear teſtimony to the virtue he cannot reach: beſides, that, in this age, I ſee too

[a] Mrs. B.

few

few good Examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You ſee what an intereſted man I am. Adieu.

LETTER XLVI.

To ------ a.

Sept. 7, 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me; every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I paſt once a great deal of pleaſant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite loſt to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the ſame ſort of uneaſineſs as I find at Twit'nam, whenever I paſs near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs. *. I think I ſhould, but have nothing to ſay that will anſwer the character they conſider me in, as a Wit; beſides, my eyes grow very bad (whatever is the cauſe of it) I'll put them out for no body but a friend; and, I proteſt, it brings tears into them almoſt to write to you, when I think of your ſtate and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greateſt pain I know, is to ſay

a Mrs. B.

things

things ſo very ſhort of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life faſt enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at beſt uſeleſs, and for the moſt part unfelt, ſpeeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that Friendſhip walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs muſt; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite ſo many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of conſequence: The reſt, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not before-hand with me.

Life, after the firſt warm heats are over, is all down-hill: and one almoſt wiſhes the journey's end, provided we were ſure but to lie down eaſy, whenever the Night ſhall overtake us.

I dream'd all laſt night of---.She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my ſpirits: I ſaw a very deſerving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the ſame misfortune; and (with all his good breeding and ſenſe) ſtill bears a cloud and melancholy caſt, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and converſation. I know another, who, I believe, could promiſe, and eaſily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one muſt do one's beſt, not to be uſed by the

the world as that poor lady was by her ſiſter; and not ſeem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimſical.

It is a real truth, that to the laſt of my moments, the thought of you, and the beſt of my wiſhes for you, will attend you, told or untold: I could wiſh you had once the conſtancy and reſolution to act for yourſelf, whether before, or after I leave you (the only way I ever ſhall leave you) you muſt determine; but reflect, that the firſt would make me, as well as yourſelf, happier; the latter could make you only ſo. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampſtead, July 17, 1734.

I Little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at preſent, but prayers and good wiſhes. I have the ſatisfaction to find that I am as officiouſly ſerv'd by my friends, as he that has thouſands to leave in legacies; beſides the aſſurance of their ſincerity. God almighty has made my bodily diſtreſs as eaſy as a thing of that nature can be. I have

have found ſome relief, at leaſt ſometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worſe.

As for you, my good friend, I think ſince our firſt acquaintance there have not been any of thoſe little ſuſpicions or jealouſies that often affect the ſincereſt friendſhips; I am ſure, not on my ſide. I muſt be ſo ſincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for thoſe Talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendſhips; they were quite of another ſort; nor ſhall I at preſent offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Laſt Requeſt, that you will continue that Noble Diſdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you ſeem naturally endued with; but ſtill with a due regard to your own ſafety; and ſtudy more to reform than chaſtiſe, tho' the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurſt I have always honour'd, for every good quality that a perſon of his rank ought to have: Pray, give my reſpects and kindeſt wiſhes to the family. My veniſon ſtomach is gone, but I have thoſe about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his preſent. If it is left at my houſe, it will be tranſmitted ſafe to me.

A recovery in my caſe, and at my age, is impoſſible; the kindeſt wiſh of my friends is

Euthanaſia. Living or dying, I ſhall always be Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I Thank you for your letter, which has all thoſe genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever diſtinguiſh'd yours, and for which I have ſo long loved you. Our friendſhip has been conſtant; becauſe it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Diſtruſt, but by any Vanity, much leſs any Intereſt.

What you recommend to me with the ſolemnity of a Laſt Requeſt, ſhall have its due weight with me. That diſdain and indignation againſt Vice, is (I thank God) the only diſdain and indignation I have: It is ſincere, and it will be a laſting one. But ſure it is as impoſſible to have a juſt abhorrence of Vice, without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chaſtiſe, I am afraid, is impoſſible; and that the beſt Precepts, as well as the beſt Laws, would prove of ſmall uſe, if there were no Examples to inforce them. To

attack Vices in the abſtract, without touching Perſons, may be ſafe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with Shadows. General propoſitions are obſcure, miſty, and uncertain, compar'd with plain, full, and home examples: Precepts only apply to our Reaſon, which in moſt men is but weak: Examples are pictures, and ſtrike the Senſes, nay raiſe the Paſſions, and call in thoſe (the ſtrongeſt and moſt general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the caſe his own; and that is the only way by which ſuch men can be affected, much leſs deterr'd. So that to chaſtiſe is to reform. The only ſign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they rais'd the anger of bad men. And my greateſt comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to ſee, that thoſe who have no ſhame, and no fear of any thing elſe, have appear'd touch'd by my Satires.

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can gueſs what occaſions it at this time. Some Characters I have drawn are ſuch, that if there be any who deſerve them, 'tis evidently a ſervice to mankind to point thoſe men out; yet ſuch as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themſelves. But

[a] The Character of Sporus in the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

if they ſhould, thoſe of whom all the world think in ſuch a manner, muſt be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanneſs to do miſchiefs in the dark, have ſeldom the courage to juſtify them in the face of day; the talents that make a Cheat or a Whiſperer, are not the ſame that qualify a man for an Inſulter; and as to private villainy, it is not ſo ſafe to join in an Aſſaſſination, as in a Libel [b]. I will conſult my ſafety ſo far as I think becomes a prudent man: but not ſo far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honeſt one. As to perſonal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them: as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I ſhall not forfeit it: for that of the Great, or thoſe in power, I may wiſh I had it; but if thro' miſrepreſentations (too common about perſons in that ſtation) I have it not, I ſhall be ſorry, but not miſerable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satiriſts than I, have enjoy'd the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Auguſtus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the ſide of

[b] See the following Letter to a noble Lord.

Brutus; and, allow me to remark, it was out of the ſuffering Party too, that they favour'd and diſtinguiſh'd Virgil. You will not ſuſpect me of comparing myſelf with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another Court-favourite, Boileau [c]. I have always been too modeſt to imagine my Panegyrics were Incenſe worthy of a Court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reaſon why I have never offer'd any. I would only have obſerv'd, that it was under the greateſt Princes and beſt Miniſters, that moral Satiriſts were moſt encouraged; and that then Poets exerciſed the ſame juriſdiction over the Follies, as Hiſtorians did over the Vices of men. It may alſo be worth conſidering, whether Auguſtus himſelf makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their falſe Taſte and Affectation, in Perſius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the firſt of theſe reigns it was, that Horace was protected and careſs'd; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal baniſh'd.

I would not have ſaid ſo much, but to ſhew you my whole heart on this ſubject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that

[c] See Letter CIII. to Mr. Warburton.

Requeſt

Requeſt which you make your laſt to me, and to perform it with Temper, Juſtice, and Reſolution. As your Approbation (being the teſtimony of a ſound head and an honeſt heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wiſh you may live to ſee the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in ſomething more deſerving of that approbation. But if it be the Will of God, (which, I know, will alſo be yours) that we muſt ſeparate, I hope it will be better for You than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preſerve your life eaſy, or make your death happy [c].

[c] This excellent perſon died Feb. 27, 1734-5.

[We find by Letter xix. that the Ducheſs of Buckinghamſhire would have had Mr. Pope to draw her huſband's Character. But though he refuſed this office, yet in his Epiſtle, *on the Characters of Women*, theſe lines,

To heirs unknown deſcends th' unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed to the poor.

are ſuppoſed to mark her out in ſuch a manner as not to be miſtaken for another; and having ſaid of himſelf, that *he held a lye in proſe and verſe to be the ſame:* All this together gave a handle to his enemies, ſince his death, to publiſh the following Paper (intitled *The Character of Katharine*, &c.) as written by him. To which (in vindication of the deceaſed Poet) we have jubjoined a Letter to a friend, that will let the Reader fully into the hiſtory of the *writing* and *publication* of this extraordinary CHARACTER.]

The CHARACTER of

KATHARINE,

LATE

Ducheſs of *Buckinghamſhire* and *Normanby*.

By the late Mr. POPE.

SHE was the daughter of James the ſecond, and of the counteſs of Dorcheſter, who inherited the Integrity and Virtue of her father with happier fortune. She was married

firſt

firſt to James earl of Angleſey; and ſecondly, to John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamſhire and Normanby; with the former ſhe exerciſed the virtues of *Patience* and *Suffering*, as long as there was any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other *Conjugal virtues*. The man of fineſt ſenſe and ſharpeſt diſcernment, ſhe had the happineſs to pleaſe; and in that, found her only pleaſure. When he died, it ſeemed as if his ſpirit was only breathed into her, to fulfill what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preſerve and watch over what he had left, *his only ſon*; in the care of whoſe Health, the forming of whoſe Mind, and the improvement of whoſe Fortune, ſhe acted with the conduct and ſenſe of the Father, ſoften'd, but not overcome, with the tenderneſs of the Mother. Her Underſtanding was ſuch as muſt have made a figure, had it been in a man; but the modeſty of her ſex threw a veil over its luſtre, which nevertheleſs ſuppreſs'd only the expreſſion, not the exertion of it; for her ſenſe was not ſuperior to her Reſolution, which, when once ſhe was in the right, preſerv'd her from making it only a tranſition to the wrong, the frequent weakneſs even of the beſt women. She often followed wiſe counſel, but ſometimes went before it, always with ſucceſs. She was poſſeſſed of a ſpirit,

which aſſiſted her to get the better of thoſe accidents which admitted of any redreſs, and enabled her to ſupport outwardly, with decency and dignity, thoſe which admitted of none; yet melted inwardly, through almoſt her whole life, at a ſucceſſion of melancholy and affecting objects, the loſs of all her Children, the misfortunes of *Relations and Friends, public and private*, and the death of thoſe who were deareſt to her. Her Heart was as compaſſionate as it was great: her Affections warm even to ſollicitude: her Friendſhip not violent or jealous, but rational and perſevering: her Gratitude equal and conſtant to the living; to the dead boundleſs and heroical. What perſon ſoever ſhe found worthy of her eſteem, ſhe would not give up for any power on earth; and the greateſt on earth whom ſhe could not eſteem, obtain'd from her no farther tribute than Decency. Her Good-will was wholly directed by merit, not by accident; not meaſured by the regard they profeſs'd for her own deſert, but by her idea of theirs: And as there was no merit which ſhe was not able to imitate, there was none which ſhe could envy: therefore her Converſation was as free from detraction, as her Opinions from prejudice or prepoſſeſſion. As her thoughts were her own, ſo were her Words; and ſhe was as ſincere in uttering her judgment,

Judgment, as impartial in forming it. She was a ſafe Companion, many were ſerv'd, none ever ſuffer'd by her acquaintance: inoffenſive, when unprovoked; when provoked, not ſtupid: But the moment her enemy ceaſed to be hurtful, ſhe could ceaſe to act as an enemy. She was therefore not a bitter but conſiſtent enemy: (tho' indeed, when forced to be ſo, the more a finiſh'd one for having been long a making.) And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and ſteddy courſe, like Juſtice, than in quick and paſſionate onſets, like Revenge. As for thoſe of whom ſhe only thought ill, ſhe conſidered them not ſo much as once to wiſh them ill; of ſuch, her Contempt was great enough to put a ſtop to all other paſſions that could hurt them. Her Love and Averſion, her Gratitude and Reſentment, her Eſteem and Neglect were equally open and ſtrong, and alterable only from the alteration of the perſons who created them. Her Mind was too noble to be inſincere, and her Heart too honeſt to ſtand in need of it; ſo that ſhe never found cauſe to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There remains only to ſpeak of her Perſon, which was moſt amiably majeſtic, the niceſt eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her Face or proportion of her Body; it was ſuch, as pleas'd wherever ſhe had

had a deſire it ſhould; yet ſhe never envied that of any other, which might better pleaſe in general: In the ſame manner, as being content that her merits were eſteemed where ſhe deſired they ſhould, ſhe never depreciated thoſe of any other that were eſteemed or preferred elſewhere. For ſhe aimed not at a general love or a general eſteem where ſhe was not known; it was enough to be poſſeſs'd of both wherever ſhe was. Having lived to the age of Sixty-two years; not courting Regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving Buſineſs, but diſcharging it fully whereſoever duty or friendſhip engaged her in it; not following Greatneſs, but not declining to pay reſpect, as far as was due from independency and diſintereſt; having honourably abſolv'd all the parts of life, ſhe forſook this World, where ſhe had left no act of duty or virtue undone, for that where alone ſuch acts are rewarded, on the 13th Day of March, 1742-3 [a].

[a] "The above Character was written by Mr. Pope "ſome years before her Grace's Death." So the printed Edition.

Mr.

Mr. Pope to James Moyser, of Beverly, Eſq.

Dear Sir, Bath, July 11, 1743.

I Am always glad to hear of you, and where I can, I always enquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health? The account of our Friend's [c] is truly melancholy, added to the circumſtance of his being detained (I fear, without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of ſeeing (what a good man moſt deſires and beſt deſerves to ſee to the laſt hour) his Friends about him. The public news [d] indeed gives every Engliſhman a reaſonable joy, and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one; nay as a general joy to all nations where bloodſhed and miſery muſt have been introduced, had the ambition and Perfidy of —— prevail'd.

I come now to anſwer your friend's queſtion. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the Character of the old [e] Duke of Buckingham is untrue. I do not remember ever to have ſeen it in MS. nor have I ever

[c] Mr. Bethel.

[d] The Victory at Dettingen.

[e] He ſays *the old Duke*, becauſe he wrote a very fine Epitaph for the Son.

ſeen

ſeen the pedigree he mentions, otherwiſe than after the Ducheſs had printed it with the Will, and ſent one to me, as, I ſuppoſe, ſhe did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it ſhould be reported I writ that Character, after a ſtory which I will tell you in your ear, and to yourſelf only. There was another *Character written of her Grace* by herſelf (with what help, I know not) but ſhe ſhewed it me in her blots, and preſſed me, by all the adjurations of Friendſhip, to give her my ſincere opinion of it. I acted honeſtly and did ſo. She ſeemed to take it patiently, and, upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to ſelect out of it juſt as much as I judged might ſtand, and return her the Copy. I did ſo. Immediately ſhe picked a quarrel with me, and we never ſaw each other in five or ſix years. In the mean time, ſhe ſhewed this Character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a compoſition of my own, in her praiſe. And very probably it is *now in the hands of Lord Harvey.* Dear Sir, I ſincerely wiſh you, and your whole family (whoſe welfare is ſo cloſely connected) the beſt health and trueſt happineſs; and am (as is alſo the Maſter of this place)

Your, &c.

A LETTER[a] to a NOBLE LORD.

On occaſion of ſome Libels written and propagated at Court, in the Year 1732-3.

MY LORD, Nov. 30, 1733.

YOUR Lordſhip's[b] Epiſtle has been publiſh'd ſome days, but I had not the pleaſure and pain of ſeeing it till yeſterday: Pain, to think your Lordſhip ſhould attack me at all; Pleaſure, to find that you can attack me ſo weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myſelf in every way but *one* your inferiour, it ſeems but reaſonable that I ſhould take the only method either of ſelf-defence or retaliation,

[a] This letter (which was firſt printed in the Year 1733) bears the ſame place in our Author's proſe that the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot does in his poetry. They are both Apologetical, repelling the libellous ſlanders on his Reputation: with this difference, that the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, his friend, was chiefly directed againſt *Grub-ſtreet-Writers*, and this Letter to the Noble Lord, his enemy, againſt *Court-Scribblers*. For the reſt, they are both Maſter-pieces in their kinds; *That* in verſe, more grave, moral, and ſublime; *This* in proſe, more lively, critical, and pointed; but equally conducive to what he had moſt at heart, the vindication of his Moral Character: the only thing he thought worth his care in literary altercations; and the firſt thing he would expect from the good offices of a ſurviving Friend.

[b] Entitled, *An Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court, Aug.* 28, 1733, and printed the November following for J. Roberts. Fol.

that

that is left me, againſt a perſon of your quality and power. And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generouſly (and modeſtly too, no doubt) meant to put yourſelf upon a level with me; I will as ſoon believe that your Lordſhip would give a wound to a man unarm'd, as that you would deny me the uſe of it in my own defence.

I preſume you will allow me to take the ſame liberty, in my anſwer to ſo *candid*, *polite*, and ingenious a Nobleman, which your Lordſhip took in yours, to ſo *grave*, *religious*, and *reſpectable* a Clergyman [a]: As you anſwered his *Latin* in *Engliſh*, permit me to anſwer your *Verſe* in *Proſe*. And tho' your Lordſhip's reaſons for not writing in *Latin*, might be ſtronger than mine for not writing in *Verſe*, yet I may plead *Two good* ones, for this conduct: the one that I want the Talent of ſpinning *a thouſand lines in a* Day [b] (which, I think, is as much *Time* as this ſubject deſerves) and the other, that I take your Lordſhip's *Verſe* to be as much *Proſe* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the pomp of Poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

[a] Dr. S.

[b] *And* Pope *with juſtice of ſuch lines may ſay,*
His Lordſhip ſpins a thouſand in a day. Epiſt. p. 6.

When

When I conſider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your *Lordſhip* holds in the *World*, and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world*, I preſume that diſtinction of ſtyle is but neceſſary, which you will ſee obſerv'd thro' this letter. When I ſpeak of *you*, my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which Fortune has made between you and myſelf: but when I ſpeak of your *writings*, my Lord, I muſt, I can do nothing but trifle.

I ſhould be obliged indeed to leſſen this *Reſpect*, if all the Nobility (and eſpecially the elder brothers) are but ſo many hereditary fools [b], if the privilege of Lords be to want brains [c], if noblemen can hardly write or read [d], if all their buſineſs is but to dreſs and vote [e], and all their employment in court to tell lies, flatter in public, ſlander in private, be falſe to each other, and follow nothing but ſelf-intereſt [f]. Bleſs me,

[b] *That to good blood by old preſcriptive rules*
Gives right hereditary to be Fool's.

[c] *Nor wonder that my Brain no more affords,*
But recollect the privilege of Lords.

[d] *And when you ſee me fairly write my name;*
For England's *ſake wiſh all could do the ſame.*

[e] *Whilſt all our buſ'neſs is to dreſs and vote.* ibid.

[f] *Courts are only larger families,*
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies:
in private ſatyrize, in public flatter.
Few to each other, all to one point true;
Which one I ſha'n't, nor need explain. Adieu. p ult.

my

my Lord, what an account is this you give of them? and what would have been ſaid of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole body of the Nobility, at the ſtall of a well-fed Prebendary?

Were it the mere *Exceſs* of your Lordſhip's *Wit*, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds of decency, I might conſider your Lordſhip on your *Pegaſus*, as a ſprightly hunter on a mettled horſe; and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently ſuffer the injury, in pure admiration of the *Noble Sport*. But ſhould the caſe be quite otherwiſe, ſhould your Lordſhip be only like a *Boy* that is *run away with*; and run away with by a *Very Foal*; really common charity, as well as reſpect for a noble family, would oblige me to ſtop your carreer, and to *help you down* from *this Pegaſus*.

Surely the little praiſe of a *Writer* ſhould be a thing below your ambition: You, who were no ſooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no ſooner at ſchool, but in the arms of the Muſes; no ſooner in the World, but you practis'd all the ſkill of it; no ſooner in the Court, but you poſſeſs'd all the art of it! Unrivall'd as you are, in making a figure, and in making a ſpeech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a Diſtich. And why this fondneſs

fondneſs for Poetry? Proſe admits of the two excellencies you moſt admire, Diction and Fiction: It admits of the talents you chiefly poſſeſs, a moſt fertile invention, and moſt florid expreſſion; it is with proſe, nay the plaineſt proſe, that you beſt could teach our nobility to vote, which, you juſtly obſerve, is half at leaſt of their buſineſs [c]: And, give me leave to propheſy, it is to your talent in proſe, and not in verſe, to your ſpeaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your Lordſhip muſt owe your future figure in the world.

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a Friend, and one who remembers he formerly had the honour of ſome profeſſion of Friendſhip from you: Whatever was his *real ſhare* in it, whether ſmall or great, yet as your Lordſhip could never have had the leaſt *Loſs* by continuing it, or the leaſt *Intereſt* by withdrawing it; the misfortune of loſing it, I fear, muſt have been owing to his own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deſerved to forfeit it in ſuch a degree, he proteſts he is to this day guiltleſs and ignorant. It could at moſt be but a fault of *omiſſion*; but indeed by omiſſions, men of your Lordſhip's uncommon

[c] *All their buſ'neſs is to dreſs, and vote.*

merit may ſometimes think themſelves ſo injur'd, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another; who, tho' very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the leaſt diſpleaſure you had conceived againſt me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of [c] *Horace* had offended ſome perſons, and among them your Lordſhip. I could not have apprehended that a few *general ſtrokes* about a *Lord ſcribling careleſly* [d], a *Pimp*, or a *Spy* at Court, a *Sharper* in a gilded chariot, &c. that theſe, I ſay, ſhould be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greateſt in the world, *the Malice of Ill people to themſelves.*

Your Lordſhip ſo well knows (and the whole Court and town thro' your means ſo well know) how far the reſentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *Nature* of the *Libel* [e] you propagated againſt me, but in the extraordinary *manner*, *place*, and *preſence* in which it was propagated [f]; that I ſhall only ſay, it

[c] The firſt Satire of the ſecond Book, printed in 1732.

[d] He ſhould have added, that he called this Nobleman, who ſcribled ſo careleſly, *Lord Fanny*.

[e] *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*, afterwards printed by J. Roberts 1732. fol.

[f] It was for this reaſon that this Letter, as ſoon as it was printed, was communicated to the Q.

ſeem'd

ſeem'd to me to exceed the bounds of juſtice, common ſenſe, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *Lady*, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry (between whom and your Lordſhip there is a *natural*, a *juſt*, and a *well-grounded eſteem)* could be prevail'd upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your reſentments againſt me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the ſame; for neither had I the leaſt miſunderſtanding with that Lady, till after I was the *Author* of my own misfortune in diſcontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleaſing to either of you; I aſſure you my reaſon for ſo doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me [d]; and that I could not do, with *mine*, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myſelf could be but ſmall, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleas'd ſince to profeſs. But ſurely, my Lord, one may ſay, neither the Revenge, nor the Language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence: The appellations of [e] *Foe* to *humankind*, an *Enemy* like the *Devil* to

[d] Once, and but once, his heedleſs youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing a female Wit.
See the Letter to Dr. Arbuthnot amongſt the Variations.

[e] See the aforeſaid *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace.*

all that have *Being*; *ungrateful*, *unjuſt*, deſerving to be *whipt*, *blanketed*, *kicked*, nay *killed*; a *Monſter*, an *Aſſaſſin*, whoſe converſation every man ought to *ſhun*, and againſt whom *all doors* ſhould be ſhut; I beſeech you, my Lord, had you the leaſt right to give, or to encourage or juſtify any other in giving ſuch language as this to me? Could I be treated in terms more ſtrong or more atrocious, if, during my acquaintance with you, I had been a *Betrayer*, a *Backbiter*, a *Whiſperer*, an *Eves-dropper*, or an *Informer*? Did I in all that time ever throw *a falſe Dye*, or palm *a foul Card* upon you? Did I ever *borrow*, *ſteal*, or accept, either *Money*, *Wit*, or *Advice* from you? Had I ever the honour to join with either of you in one *Ballad*, *Satire*, *Pamphlet*, or *Epigram*, on any perſon *living* or *dead*? Did I ever do you ſo great an injury as to put off *my own Verſes* for *yours*, eſpecially on *thoſe Perſons* whom they might *moſt offend*? I am confident you cannot anſwer in the affirmative; and I can truly affirm, that, ever ſince I loſt the happineſs of your converſation I have not publiſhed or written, one ſyllable of, or to either of you; never hitch'd your *names* in a *Verſe*, or trifled with your *good names* in *company*. Can I be honeſtly charged with any other crime but an *Omiſſion* (for the word *Neglect*, which I us'd before, ſlip'd my pen unguardedly) to continue

my admiration of you all my life, and ſtill to contemplate, face to face, your many excellencies and perfections? I am perſuaded you can reproach me truly with no great *Faults*, except my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own, as to do all juſtice to the contrary *Beauties* in you. It is true, my Lord, I am ſhort, not well ſhap'd, generally ill-dreſs'd, if not ſometimes dirty: Your Lordſhip and Ladyſhip are ſtill in bloom; your Figures ſuch, as rival the *Apollo* of *Belvedere*, and the *Venus* of *Medicis*; and your faces ſo finiſh'd, that neither ſickneſs nor paſſion can deprive them of *Colour*; I will allow your own in particular to be the fineſt that ever *Man* was bleſt with: preſerve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a Critic, would coſt it too many *frowns*, and to be a Stateſman, too many *wrinkles!* I further confeſs, I am now ſomewhat old; but ſo your Lordſhip and this excellent Lady, with all your beauty, will (I hope) one day be. I know your Genius and hers ſo perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring each other, and by conſequence in the contempt of all ſuch as myſelf. You have both, in my regard, been like --- (your Lordſhip, I know, loves a *Simile*, and it will be one ſuitable to your *Quality*) you have been like *Two Princes*, and I like a *poor Animal* ſacrificed between them to cement a laſting League: I hope

I have not bled in vain; but that ſuch an amity may endure for ever! For tho' it be what common *underſtandings* would hardly conceive, Two *Wits* however may be perſuaded, that it is in Friendſhip as in Enmity, The more *danger*, the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to thoſe *Verſes* on the *Imitator* of *Horace*? They regarded nothing but my *Figure*, which I ſet no value upon; and my *Morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence: Any honeſt man has the pleaſure to be conſcious, that it is out of the power of the *Wittieſt*, nay the *Greateſt Perſon* in the Kingdom, to leſſen him *that way*, but at the expence of his own *Truth*, *Honour*, or *Juſtice*.

But tho' I declined to explain myſelf juſt at the time when I was ſillily threaten'd, I ſhall now give your Lordſhip a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain Engliſh of *Fannius*, a real perſon, who was a fooliſh Critic, and an enemy of *Horace*: perhaps a Noble one, for ſo (if your Latin be gone in earneſt[r]) I muſt acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be conſtrued.

[r] *all I learn'd from Dr.* Freind *at ſchool,*
Has quite deſerted this poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native Engliſh in its ſtead. Epiſt. p. 2.

Beatus

Beatus Fannius! ultro
Delatis capſis et imagine.

This *Fannius* was, it ſeems, extremely fond both of his *Poetry* and his *Perſon*, which appears by the pictures and *Statues* he cauſed to be made of himſelf, and by his great diligence to propagate *bad Verſes* at *Court*, and get them admitted into the library of *Auguſtus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effeminate complexion*, and conſtant at the Aſſemblies and Opera's of thoſe days, where he took it into his head to *ſlander poor Horace*.

Ineptus
Fannius, *Hermogenis* lædat *conviva Tigelli.*

till it provoked him at laſt juſt to *name* him, give him a *laſh*, and ſend him whimpering to the *Ladies*.

Diſcipularum *inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *ſpins* (as Dr. *Freind* or even Dr. *Sherwin* could aſſure you) was the literal tranſlation of *deduci*; a metaphor taken from a *Silk-worm*, my Lord, to ſignify any *ſlight*, *ſilken*, or (as your Lordſhip and the Ladies call it) [c] *flimzy* piece of work. I preſume your Lordſhip has enough of this, to convince you there was nothing *perſonal* but to

[c] *Weak texture of his* flimzy *brain*, p. 6.

that Fannius, who (with all his fine accompliſhments) had never been heard of, but for *that Horace* he injur'd.

In regard to the right honourable Lady, your Lordſhip's friend, I was far from deſigning a perſon of her condition by a name ſo derogatory to her, as that of *Sappho*; a name proſtituted to every infamous Creature that ever wrote Verſe or Novels. I proteſt I never *apply'd* that name to her in any verſe of mine, *public* or private; and (I firmly believe) not in any *Letter* or *Converſation*. Whoever could invent a Falſehood to ſupport an accuſation, I pity; and whoever can believe ſuch a Character to be theirs, I pity ſtill more. God forbid the Court or Town ſhould have the complaiſance to *join* in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of ſuch modern *Sappho's*, as imitate much more the *Lewdneſs* than the *Genius* of the ancient one; and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently beſtow both the *Name* and the *Qualification* there mentioned [c].

There was another reaſon why I was ſilent as to that paper---I took it for a *Lady's* (on the printer's word in the title page) and thought it too preſuming, as well as indecent, to con-

[c] From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
1 Sat. B. ii. Hor.

tend

tend with one of that *Sex* in *altercation:* For I never was ſo mean a creature as to commit my Anger againſt a *Lady* to *paper*, tho' but in a *private Letter*. But ſoon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a Noble perſon of *real Honour* and *Truth*. Your Lordſhip indeed ſaid you had it from a Lady, and the Lady ſaid it was your Lordſhip's; ſome thought the beautiful by-blow had *Two Fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allow'd a man) *Two Mothers*; indeed I think *both Sexes* had a ſhare in it, but which was *uppermoſt*, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *Witty Fornication:* and, if I call it *Yours*, my Lord, 'tis only becauſe, whoever *got* it, you *brought it forth*.

Here, my Lord, allow me to obſerve the different proceeding of the *Ignoble poet*, and his *Noble Enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*, *Adonis*, *Sappho*, or who you will, he own'd he publiſh'd, he ſet his name to: What they have *publiſh'd* of him, they have deny'd to have *written*; and what they have *written* of him, they have denied to have *publiſh'd*. One of theſe was the caſe in the paſt Libel, and the other in the preſent. For tho' the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is ſuch as he has been obliged to deny in the moſt particular terms, to the great Perſon whoſe opinion *concern'd him moſt*.

Yet,

Yet, my Lord, this Epiſtle was a piece not written in *haſte*, or in a *paſſion*, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at *full leiſure* at Hampton-Court, and I the object *ſingled*, like a *Deer out of Seaſon*, for ſo ill-timed, and ill-placed a diverſion. It was a *deliberate* work, directed to a *Reverend Perſon* [b], of the moſt *ſerious* and *ſacred* character, with whom you are known to cultivate a *ſtrict correſpondence*, and to whom it will not be doubted, but you open your *ſecret Sentiments*, and deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I ſay, my Lord, with ſubmiſſion, could not but awaken all my *Reflection* and *Attention*. Your Lordſhip's opinion of me as a *Poet*, I cannot help; it is yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours *alone*, you muſt be content to ſhare it with the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent* and *ingenious men*. If your Lordſhip deſtroys my *poetical* character, *they* will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to ſay, if my *moral* character be ruin'd, it muſt be *wholly* the work of *your Lordſhip*; and will be hard even for you to do, unleſs I *myſelf co-operate*.

How can you talk (my moſt worthy Lord) of all *Pope's* Works as ſo many *Libels*, affirm,

[b] Dr. S.

that

that *he has no invention* but in *Defamation* [a], and charge him with *ſelling another man's labours printed with his own name* [b]? Fye, my Lord, you forget yourſelf. He printed not his name before a line of the perſon's you mention; that perſon himſelf has told you and all the world in the book itſelf, what part he had in it, as may be ſeen at the concluſion of his notes to the Odyſſey. I can only ſuppoſe your Lordſhip (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) deſpis'd to look upon the *Tranſlation*; and ever ſince entertain'd too mean an Opinion of the Tranſlator to caſt an eye upon it. Beſides, my Lord, when you ſaid he *ſold* another man's works, you ought in juſtice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the Caſe*. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordſhip. I dare not affirm he was as *well paid* as *ſome Writers* (much his inferiors) have been ſince; but your Lordſhip will reflect that I am no man of Quality, either to *buy* or *ſell* ſcribling ſo high: and that I have neither *Place*, *Penſion*, nor Power to reward for *ſecret Services*. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have

[a] *to his eternal ſhame,*
Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame.

[b] *And ſold* Broom's *labours printed with* Pope's *Name.*
p. 7.

the

the leaſt *Envy* to ſuch an author as I: but were that *poſſible*, it were much better gratify'd by employing *not your own*, but ſome of *thoſe low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean office*. I dare engage you'll have them for leſs than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not rais'd the market: Let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on ſeeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) Verſes, as theſe of your Lordſhip.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor perſon ſhould be abus'd by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the ſame? nay has he not done it before your Lordſhip, in the ſame *kind of Language*, and almoſt the *ſame words?* I cannot but think, the worthy and *diſcreet Clergyman* himſelf will agree, it is *improper*, nay *unchriſtian*, to expoſe the *perſonal* defects of our brother: that both ſuch perfect forms as yours, and ſuch unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the ſame *Maker*; who *faſhioneth his Veſſels* as he pleaſeth, and that it is not from their *ſhape* we can tell whether they are made for *honour* or *diſhonour*. In a word, he would teach you Charity to your greateſt enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckon'd, ſince, tho' a Poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next,

Next, my Lord, as to the *Obſcurity* * *of my Birth* (a reflection copy'd alſo from Mr. *Curl* and his brethren) I am ſorry to be obliged to ſuch a preſumption as to name my *Family* in the ſame leaf with your Lordſhip's: but my Father had the honour in one inſtance to reſemble you, for he was a *younger Brother*. He did not indeed think it a Happineſs to bury his *elder Brother*, tho' he had one, who wanted ſome of thoſe good qualities which *yours* poſſeſt. How ſincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young Nobleman's memory the debt I ow'd to his friendſhip, whoſe early death depriv'd your family of as much *Wit* and *Honour* as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my Father, I could aſſure you, my Lord, that he was no Mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might pleaſe your Lordſhip yet better, a Cobler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family: And my Mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that *Lady*, whom your Lordſhip made choice of to be the *Mother of your own Children*; whoſe merit, beauty, and vivacity (if tranſmitted to your poſterity) will be a *better preſent* than even the noble blood they derive *only* from *you*. A Mother, on whom I was never oblig'd ſo far to reflect, as to ſay,

* *Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure.*

ſhe

ſhe *ſpoil'd me* [b]. And a Father, who never found himſelf oblig'd to ſay of me, that he *diſapprov'd my Conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough, that my Parents, ſuch as they were, never coſt me a *Bluſh*; and that their Son, ſuch as he is, never coſt them a *Tear*.

I have purpoſely omitted to conſider your Lordſhip's Criticiſms on my *Poetry*. As they are exactly the ſame with thoſe of the *foremention'd Authors*, I apprehend they would juſtly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more diſtinction to the *ſame things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be ſhewing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular reſpect*, to obſerve how much they are honour'd by *your Imitation of them*, which indeed is carried thro' your whole Epiſtle. I have read ſomewhere at *School* (tho' I make it no *Vanity* to have forgot where) that *Tully* naturaliz'd a few phraſes at the inſtance of ſome of his friends. Your Lordſhip has done more in honour of theſe Gentlemen; you have authoriz'd not only their *Aſſertions*, but their *Style*. For example, *A* Flow *that* wants ſkill *to reſtrain its* ardour, ---*a* Dictionary

[b] *A noble Father's heir ſpoil'd by his Mother.*
His Lordſhip's account of himſelf, p. 7.

that

that gives us nothing at its own expence. *---As luxuriant branches* bear *but little fruit, ſo Wit unprun'd* is *but raw fruit----While you* rehearſe ignorance, *you ſtill* know enough *to do it in Verſe---Wits* are *but glittering* ignorance.---The *account of* how *we paſs our time--* and, *The weight on Sir R. W---'s* brain. *You can* ever *receive from* no *head more than ſuch a head* (as no head) *has to give:* Your Lordſhip would have ſaid *never* receive inſtead of *ever*, and *any head* inſtead of *no head:* but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enrich'd our language.

Your are merry, my Lord, when you ſay, *Latin* and *Greek*

Have quite deſerted your poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native Engliſh in their ſtead.

for (to do you juſtice) this is nothing leſs than *plain Engliſh.* And as for your *John Trot-head,* I can't conceive why you ſhould give it that name; for by ſome [c] papers I have ſeen ſign'd with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from your Lordſhip's.

Your Lordſhip ſeems determined to fall out with every thing you have learn'd at ſchool: you complain next of a *dull Dictionary,*

[c] See ſome Treatiſes printed in the Appendix to the Craftſman, about that time.

That

That gives us nothing at its own expence,
But a few modern words for ancient Senſe.

Your Lordſhip is the firſt man that ever carried the love of Wit ſo far, as to expect a *witty Dictionary*. A Dictionary that gives us *any thing but words*, muſt not only be an *expenſive* but a very *extravagant Dictionary* [d]. But what does your Lordſhip mean by its giving us but *a few modern words* for *ancient Senſe*? If by *Senſe* (as I ſuſpect) you mean *words (a miſtake not unuſual)* I muſt do the Dictionary the juſtice to ſay, that it gives us *juſt as many modern words as ancient ones*. Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a bad Grammar, than of a dull Dictionary.

Doctor *Freind*, I dare anſwer for him, never taught you to talk

of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic Odes.

Your Lordſhip might as well bid your preſent Tutor, your Taylor, make you a *Coat*, *Suit of Cloaths*, and *Breeches*; for you muſt have forgot your Logic, as well as Grammar, not to know, that Sapphic and Iambic are both included in Lyric; that being the *Genus*, and thoſe the *Species*.

[d] Yet we have ſeen many of theſe *extravagant* Dictionaries, and are likely to ſee many more, in an age ſo abounding in ſcience, that the ordinary vehicles of it prove inſufficient to diſtribute it abroad.

For

For all cannot invent *who can* tranſlate,
No more than theſe who cloath *us, can* create;

Here your Lordſhip ſeems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have Tranſlations, *Originals?* for 'tis the common opinion, that the *buſineſs* of a Tranſlator is to *tranſlate*, and not to *invent*, and of a Taylor to *cloath*, and not to *create*. But why ſhould you, my Lord, of all mankind, abuſe a Taylor? not to ſay *blaſpheme* him; if he can (as ſome think) at leaſt go halves with God Almighty in the formation of a *Beau*. Might not Doctor *Sherwin* rebuke you for this, and bid you *Remember your* Creator *in the days of your Youth?*

From a *Taylor*, your Lordſhip proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *Silkman*.

Thus P--pe *we find*
The gaudy Hinchcliff *of a beauteous mind.*

Here too is ſome ambiguity. Does your Lordſhip uſe *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name?* or as the Ladies ſay a *Hinchcliff* or a *Colmar*, for a *Silk* or a *Fan?* I will venture to affirm, no Critic can have a perfect taſte of your Lordſhip's works, who does not underſtand both your *Male Phraſe* and your *Female Phraſe*.

Your Lordſhip, to finiſh your Climax, advances up to a *Hatter*; a Mechanic, whoſe Employment, you inform us, is not (as was generally imagined) to *cover people's heads*, but

to *dreſs their brains* [a]. A moſt uſeful Mechanic indeed! I can't help wiſhing to have been one, for ſome people's ſake.—But this too may be only another *Lady-Phraſe:* Your Lordſhip and the Ladies may take a *Head-dreſs* for a *Head*, and underſtand, that to *adorn the Head* is the ſame thing as to *dreſs the Brains.*

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordſhip for this high Panegyric: For if I have but *dreſs'd* up *Homer*, as your *Taylor*, *Silkman*, and *Hatter* have *equip'd your Lordſhip*, I muſt be own'd to have dreſs'd him *marvellouſly indeed*, and no wonder if he is *admir'd by the Ladies* [b].

After all, my Lord, I really wiſh you would learn your *Grammar*. What if you put yourſelf awhile under the Tuition of your Friend *W-----m?* May not I with all reſpect ſay to you, what was ſaid to *another Noble Poet* by Mr. Cowley, *Pray, Mr.* Howard [c], *if you did read your* Grammar, *what harm would it do you?* You yourſelf wiſh all Lords would *learn to write* [d]; tho' I don't ſee of what uſe it could be, if their whole buſineſs is to *give their*

[a] *For this Mechanic's, like the Hatter's pains,*
Are but for dreſſing other people's brains

[b] *by Girls admir'd* p. 6.

[c] The Honourable Mr. Edward Howard, celebrated for his poetry.

[d] *And when you ſee me fairly write my name,*
For England's ſake wiſh all Lords did the ſame.

Votes [e]:

Votes[e]: It could only be ſerviceable in *ſigning their Proteſts.* Yet ſurely this ſmall portion of learning might be indulged to your Lordſhip, without any Breach of that *Privilege*[f] you ſo generouſly aſſert to all thoſe of your rank, or too great an Infringement of that *Right*[g] which you claim as *Hereditary*, and for which, no doubt, your noble Father will thank you. Surely, my Lord, no man was ever ſo bent upon depreciating himſelf!

All your Readers have obſerved the following Lines:

How oft we hear ſome Witling pert and dull,
By faſhion Coxcomb, and by nature Fool,
With hackney Maxims, in dogmatic ſtrain,
Scoffing Religion and the Marriage chain?
Then from his Common-place book he repeats,
The Lawyers all are rogues, and Parſons cheats,
That Vice and Virtue's nothing but a jeſt,
And all Morality Deceit well dreſt;
That Life itſelf is like a wrangling game, &c.

The whole Town and Court (my good Lord) have heard *this Witling*; who is ſo much every body's acquaintance but his own, that I'll engage *they all name* the *ſame Perſon.* But to hear *you* ſay, that this is only---*of whipt Cream*

[e] *All our buſ'neſs is to dreſs and vote.* p. 4.
[f] *The want of brains.* ibid.
[g] *To be fools.* ibid.

a *frothy Store*, is a ſufficient proof, that neve mortal was endued with ſo humble an opinion both of himſelf and his own Wit, as your Lordſhip: For, I do aſſure you, theſe are by much the beſt Verſes in your whole Poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a Perſon of your Lordſhip's *Modeſty* and *Virtue*, who manifeſts ſo tender a a regard to *Religion*, *Matrimony*, and *Morality*; who, tho' an Ornamen to the Court, cultivate an exemplary Correſpondence with the *Clergy*; nay, who diſdain not charitably to converſe with, and even aſſiſt, ſome of the very worſt of Writers (ſo far as to caſt a few *Conceits*, or drop a few *Antitheſes* even among the *Dear Joys* of the *Courant)* that you, I ſay, ſhould look upon Me alone as reprobate and unamendable! Reflect what *I was*, and what *I am*. I am even *Annihilated* by your Anger: For in theſe Verſes you have robbed me of *all power to think* [h], and, in your others, of the very *name* of a *Man!* Nay, to ſhew that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us that before I wrote my *laſt Epiſtles* (that is, before I unluckily mention'd *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I proteſt, I knew not to be your Lordſhip's Relations) *I might have lived and died in glory* [i].

[h] P—e, *who ne'er cou'd think.* p 7.
[i] *In glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd.* ibid

What

What would I not do to be well with your Lordſhip? Tho', you obſerve, I am a mere *Imitator* of *Homer*, *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Garth*, &c. (which I have the leſs cauſe to be aſham'd of, ſince they were *Imitators of one another)* yet what if I ſhould ſolemnly engage never to imitate *your* Lordſhip? May it not be one ſtep towards an accommodation, that while you remark my *Ignorance in Greek*, you are ſo good as to ſay, you have *forgot your own?* What if I ſhould confeſs I tranſlated from *D'Acier?* That ſurely could not but oblige your Lordſhip, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned Languages. But allowing that in the ſpace of *twelve years* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek*, as your Lordſhip did in *Two* at the Univerſity, why may I not forget it again, as happily?

Till ſuch a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to intreat of your Lordſhip. It is, that you will not decide of my *Principles* on the ſame grounds as you have done of my *Learning:* Nor give the ſame account of my *Want of Grace*, after you have loſt all acquaintance with my *Perſon*, as you do of my *Want of Greek*, after you have confeſſedly loſt all acquaintance with the *Language.* You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad* quite ſo far, as to ſeek my *utter*

ter Perdition; as *Nero* once did *Lucan's*, merely for preſuming to be a *Poet*, while one of ſo much greater quality was a *Writer*. I therefore make this humble requeſt to your Lordſhip, that the next time you pleaſe *to write on me, ſpeak of me*, or even *whiſper of me* [k], you will recollect it is full *eight Years* ſince I had the honour of *any converſation* or *correſpondence* with your Lordſhip, except *juſt half an hour* in a Lady's Lodgings at Court, and then I had the happineſs of her being preſent all the time. It would therefore be difficult even for your Lordſhip's penetration to tell, to what, or from what *Principles*, *Parties*, or *Sentiments*, Moral, Political, or Theological, I may have been converted, or perverted, in all that time. I beſeech your Lordſhip to conſider, the Injury a Man of your *high Rank* and *Credit* may do to a *private Perſon*, under *Penal Laws* and many other diſadvantages, not for want of *honeſty* or *conſcience*, but merely perhaps for having too *weak a head*, or too *tender a heart* [l]. It is by *theſe alone* I have hitherto liv'd excluded from all *poſts* of *Profit* or *Truſt*: As I can interfere with the *Views* of *no man*, do not deny me, my Lord, *all that is left*, a little *Praiſe*, or the com-

[k] The *whiſper*, that, to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear.
Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

[l] See Letter to Biſhop Atterbury, Lett. iv.

mon

mon Encouragement due, if not to my *Genius*, at leaſt to my *Induſtry*.

Above all, your Lordſhip will be careful not to wrong my *Moral Character*, with THOSE [m] under whoſe *Protection* I live, and thro' whoſe *Lenity* alone I can live with Comfort. Your Lordſhip, I am confident, upon conſideration will think, you inadvertently went a little *too far* when you recommended to THEIR peruſal, and ſtrengthened by the weight of your Approbation, a *Libel*, mean in its reflections upon my poor *figure*, and ſcandalous in thoſe on my *Honour* and *Integrity*: wherein I was repreſented as "*an* "*Enemy* to Human Race, a *Murderer* of Re- "putations, and a *Monſter* mark'd by God like "*Cain*, deſerving to wander accurs'd thro' the "World."

A ſtrange Picture of a Man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who will be always remember'd as the firſt Ornaments of their Age and Country; and no Enemies that ever contriv'd to be heard of, except Mr. *John Dennis*, and your Lordſhip: A Man, who never wrote a Line in which the *Religion* or *Government* of his Country, the *Royal Family*, or their *Miniſtry* were diſreſpectfully mentioned; the Animoſity of any one Party gratify'd at the expence of another; or any Cenſure paſt, but upon *known*

[m] The K. and Q.

Vice,

Vice, acknowledg'd Folly, or *aggreſſing Impertinence*. It is with infinite pleaſure he finds, that *ſome Men* who ſeem *aſham'd* and *afraid* of *nothing elſe*, are ſo very ſenſible of *his Ridicule*: And 'tis for that very reaſon he reſolves (by the grace of God, and your Lordſhip's good leave)

That, while he breathes, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.

This he thinks, is rendering the beſt Service he can to the Public, and even to the good Government of his Country; and for this, at leaſt, he may deſerve ſome Countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordſhip knows OF WHOM I ſpeak. Their NAMES I ſhould be as ſorry, and as much aſham'd, to place near *yours*, on ſuch an occaſion, as I ſhould be to ſee *You*, my Lord, placed ſo near *their* PERSONS, if you could ever make ſo ill an Uſe of their Ear [n] as to aſperſe or miſrepreſent any one innocent Man.

This is all I ſhall ever aſk of your Lordſhip, except your pardon for this tedious Letter. I have the honour to be, with equal *Reſpect* and *Concern*,

My Lord,

Your truly devoted Servant,

A. POPE.

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[n] Cloſe at the ear of Eve. *Ep. to Dr. Arbuth.*